

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Fair

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 59 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1906

NUMBER 269

\$30,000 STOCK Of Goods For Sale!

Beginning Thursday, January 17, and continuing for 30 days, we will sell our entire stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing and groceries at actual wholesale cost. Everything goes in this sale except wagons and farm implements. A large assortment of buggies is included in this cost sale. We have over-bought for the season and want to reduce our \$30,000 in the next 30 days to \$15,000. If you are "from Missouri" we can "show you" we are doing what we claim. This sale will be for spot cash--nothing will be charged--as we need the money more than we need the goods. President Roosevelt could not buy on credit from us during this sale. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

This is Your Opportunity

The Big Store
Reed & Harrison

REPUBLICANS MEET TO CONSOLE ONE ANOTHER

Checotah, I. T., Jan. 30.—The Republican Executive Committee of Indian Territory, will meet in this city today. Checotah was full of prominent republicans last night. Hon. N. G. Turk, resident member of the committee, tendered the visitors a banquet at the hotel Gentry last night which was attended by a hundred of the party.

The program: Toastmaster, Clarence Douglas; address of welcome, N. G. Turk; response, Judge Ralls; "Our Meeting," Judge Harris; "How to wake the State Republican," C. M. Campbell; "Harmony," O. O. Wells; "To the Victors Belong the Spoils," C. A. Davidson; "Congeniality," W. L. Williams; "All Good Fellows," G. S. Vic-

tor; "Old Glory," Hon. G. A. Murphy; "McKinley Day," J. Carl Cook; "The Leaders," C. W. Raymond.

The meeting will continue to-night and dispose of all pending business.

Carrie Wants Damages, Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 30.—Mrs. Nation, the temperance reform worker, yesterday brought suit in the district court here against the Daily Leader Printing Co. for \$10,000 damage libel because of a publication to the effect that Mrs. Nation has sold to a liquor company a building in which was printed The Hatchet, of which Mrs. Nation is editor. She denies that she owned the building and claims her character was damaged by the printed article.

WILL BECOME AT ONCE CITY OF SECOND CLASS

Council met in called session on Monday night. The Mayor and a quorum of the other officers present.

As the most important, the business connected with the city cemetery was taken up and discussed. Mr. McDaniels, being present, advanced several very important ideas in connection with same. After some discussion, it was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason that a committee be appointed to employ a sexton, arrange salary, and all other matters in connection with same. Motion carried.

The Mayor also appointed Mr. Mason to employ a surveyor to do the necessary work as reasonable as possible.

It was moved by Mason, sec-

onded by Collins, that the city attorney be instructed to go at once to Chickasha, and meet Judge Dickerson and take the necessary steps to have Ada raised to a city of the second class.

By motion and seconded, it was resolved to reduce the day police to one man, as there did not appear to be sufficient work at present for two. Motion carried.

It was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason, that the city attorney be allowed \$50.00 for services rendered in the additions to the city, and also several important cases attended to by him. Motion carried.

No further business, the council adjourned until next regular meeting.

MADE HASTE TO DODGE THE STATEHOOD BOOMERS

Washington, Jan. 30.—The statehood bill was reported to the Senate last afternoon substantially as it came from the House. The democrats of the committee gave notice that they would present a minority report.

The action of the committee was somewhat abrupt, but this was due to the inclination of the committee not to grant any more hearings.

Several statehood boomers arrived from Oklahoma this morning, and it was reported that a number were enroute from Arizona and New Mexico. The action of the committee in reporting the bill somewhat precipitately was due to a desire to spare it-

self the ordeal of hearing these enthusiastic, but useless boomers.

Perhaps the most important change made in the bill is that by which the number of court towns is reduced to two. The towns which lose are Lawton, in the present territory of Oklahoma, and Vinita, in Indian Territory.

As yet nothing can be said as to when the bill will be taken up in the senate, but the general opinion is that its advocates will have need of much patience. Private conferences are being held daily among the opponents of the measure and the time of its consideration will depend largely on the result of these.

PORTER GETS THE PLUM IN SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Washington, Jan. 30.—The President yesterday sent to the Senate the nomination of Grosvenor A. Porter, of Muskogee, I. T., for U. S. Marshal of the Southern District of Indian Territory. Thus is ended the long suspense and numerous speculations concerning the appointment for that office. Porter is a cousin of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Also it was given out at the White House that the President would appoint his picturesque friend, John Abernathy, marshal for the District of Oklahoma.

Wrecked By Explosion.

Tulsa, I. T., Jan. 29.—The nitro-glycerin factory of the Shooters' Torpedo Company, five miles south of this city on the Arkansas river, blew up late last afternoon. Two employees who were at work in the agitator noticing that the oil and chemicals were not mixing right and threatening an explosion, fled from the building and escaped with their lives. The total loss is about three thousand dollars.

Subscribe for The News.

DENMARK'S AGED KING SUDDENLY PASSES AWAY

Copenhagen, Jan. 29.—Christian the Ninth, the aged king of Denmark, head of the crowned heads of Europe, father of King George of Greece, of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dowager empress Mara Feodorovna of Russia, grandfather of King Haakon the Seventh, of Norway and related by blood or by marriage to most of the European rulers, died with startling

suddenness at his palace this afternoon. The accession of his successor, Prince Frederick, his eldest son, who will be known as Frederick the Eighth, will be proclaimed tomorrow.

Baxley-Bratton.

Sunday at 9 a. m., in the office of Crawford and Bolen, Mr. Clyde Baxley and Miss Amy Bratton, both of Sasakwa, were joined in wedlock by Rev. John A. Williams.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL ...

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop, Ada, I. T.

(Over Freeman's Store)

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.

Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments.

Phone No. 122

BANK AT TALIHINA TOUCHED FOR \$2000

Talihina, I. T., Jan. 20.—The First National Bank at this place was burglarized at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The safe was blown and the contents taken except about \$700, which was evidently overlooked. About \$2,000 was secured.

The robbers shot twice at a man who was attempting to give the alarm and drove him into the house. The building and fixtures

were considerably damaged. The cracksmen secured a crowbar and other tools from the railway shops, and also piled a quantity of baled hay about the building.

There is practically no clew to the robbers, though Deputy Marshal J. E. Emmert and posse are now making a determined effort to trace them. The bank was insured.

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst Cashier.

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 20,200.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER - PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, - BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The local camp of Confederate Veterans are contemplating holding, in the near future, a special service in memory of the late General Joseph Wheeler. This would be an eminently proper honor to the memory of the great hero of two wars, of the old warhorse who ever hungered for an opportunity to fight for his country.

And in this memorial service the Veterans of the Gray should be joined by the Veterans of the Blue, by the Sons and Daughters, and by the Veterans of the Spanish-American War. For in the General's illustrious example there is a priceless heritage for all.

The Caban Senate has done the nice thing by passing unanimously an appropriation of \$25,000 to buy Miss Roosevelt a wedding present.

Our neighboring town of Roff has her waterworks enterprise going in earnest. A bond buyer purchased the 530 bonds at 102, and without looking, too. Roff is still unquestionably above par.

THERE springs from our little neighbor, Crystal Springs, or Byrd's Mill, or Franks Postoffice, a mighty rumor of discovered gold. But Ada's golden opportunities are yet to be preferred to all such fabulous wealth.

South McAlester—or Ohio—furnishes an attorney, Muskegee a marshal, for the Southern district. Wonder where the deputies will come from. It is possible, of course, that personal investigation may induce those who have the appointment of deputies to find a few honest republicans in this district.—Purcell Register.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

The Bad Boy Feeds the Menagerie Scotch Snuff—Pa Gets Mauled by the Sneezing Animals—Pa Takes a Midnight Ride on a Mule to Escape Punishment.

Well, I spose I have done it now, and it would not surprise me to be killed and fed to wild animals. The manager of the show was talking to pa and me, before we left New York, about the condition of the show. Its finances were all balled up on account of settling with people who pretended to be injured when the tent blew down at Poughkeepsie, and the hands and performers are kicking because we are a month behind on salaries, and they get drunk whenever any jay will buy for them. Everybody gives passes to everybody that wants to get in the show, so the box office man has a sinecure, and people chase us from town to town for money for board, and hay, and everything.

All through New Jersey we showed to claim agents and creditors, and didn't take in money enough to buy meat for the animals. He said the animals had all taken cold, and lay around dormant, and didn't take any interest in the business, and the manager told pa he must think of something to wake the animals up. Pa said he would leave it to me to wake 'em up, and get some ginger into them. I told pa if I had five dollars to spend I could make every animal jump like a box car. Pa gave me the money, and I went and bought five pounds of Scotch snuff, and divided it up into ounce packages, and started during the afternoon performance at Wilmington, Del., to wake up the animals.

There is something peculiar about animals. If you try to give them anything that they think you want them to take, you can't drive it down them with a pile driver, but if you try to hide something where they can reach it, they watch you out of one eye, and when you go away they look at you as much as to say: "O, you think you are smart, don't you?" Then they will go and dig it up, and play with it, and eat it if they want to.

I took my first package of snuff to the lion's cage, and he was the sickest and most disgusted looking lion you ever saw, acting like a man who has taken a severe cold, and wants to kill anybody that looks at him. The lion lay on the straw, stretched out full length, paying no attention to the crowd that passed his cage, and acting as though he wanted a hot whisky and his feet soaked in mustard water. When he was not looking I hid the package of snuff under the straw, and rattled the straw a little, and he opened his eyes and looked at me as much as to say: "You can't fool old Shadrack, for I am on to you." I walked away behind the hyena cage, and Mr. Lion got up and stretched himself, and walked to the place where I put the package of snuff, put his foot on it and broke the paper, and then he put his nose down and sniffed a sniff that drew the whole of the snuff up into his nose and lungs, and insides generally.

And I told pa to come on, 'cause Vessuvius was going to erupt.

Pa came on the run, just as he was, and then the worst happened. I think the hippo went under water when he found the sneeze was coming, for just as pa got to the tank the water flew into the air like a torpedo had exploded under a battleship, and the hippo had sneezed all right, and pa and the audience which had followed him were drenched and deafened by the explosion. The hippo had blown the water all out of his tank, and he lay at the bottom, on his side, sneezing little sneezes not louder than the report of a six-pound cannon, and panting for breath. Then he raised his head, got up on his feet, and opened his mouth like a gash cut in a steer by a cow catcher of an engine, and he yawned, and I guess he got the lockjaw, 'cause he kept his mouth open all the afternoon, to get the air, like a soprano singer in a choir, who has been fed a cayenne pepper lozenger by the tenor, just before she gets up to sing: "A Charge to Keep, I Have."

We went around and inspected the sneezing animals, with the manager, and he complimented me by saying I had saved the show from becoming an aggregation of stuffed animals, only fit for a taxidermist studio, and made every animal show that he had ginger in him. He wanted me to try my snuff cure on the performers and freaks, 'cause they were getting to be dead ones.

Well, before the day was over at Wilmington, Del., pa was scared worse than he ever was in all his life before. The state of Delaware is the only state that punishes criminals by tying them up and whipping them on the bare back with a cat-o-nine-tails, and all our men had been warned to be good while they were in Delaware, 'cause if they committed any crime there was no power on earth that could save them from being publicly horsewhipped. Pa himself impressed it on the men to look out that they didn't get into any trouble. Gee, but the fear of a public whipping makes men good.

Twenty years ago some hold-up men from New York robbed a bank in Delaware, and were caught, and given 50 lashes apiece on the bare back, by a big negro, and there has never been a burglary in Delaware since. We thought we would play a joke on pa, so the manager told pa that constables were looking for him to arrest him for cruelty to animals, for kicking a camel in the stomach, and hitting the camel with an iron bar, and that if pa didn't want to be publicly horsewhipped on the bare back he better skip out for Washington, D. C., where we would show in a couple of days, and wait for us.

Pa was so frightened he couldn't get supper, and everybody talked about cats of nine tails, and how prisoners were cut to pieces, and every time pa saw a jay with a slouch hat he thought it was a constable after him. After dark he put on an old suit of clothes and said he was going to Washington. They told him if he went to take a train he would surely be arrested at the depot, so pa put a saddle on one of the mules, and rode out of town and rode all night, and all the next day he bought oats of farmers to be delivered at Wilmington for the circus. Finally he got out of Delaware, and the next day the farmers came in with the oats, but the show was gone, and they won't do a thing to pa if he ever shows up in Delaware again.

Pa met us at the depot in Washington, but he was ever so changed from his long ride and anxiety over the possibility of being arrested and pilloried, and lambasted by a negro in Delaware. He said to me, with a trembling voice: "Hennery, this 'ere show business is too much for your pa. I would rather be a Mormon, in Utah, with 40 wives, and several hundred children, and long whiskers. I am a changed man, Hennery, and afraid of my shadow."

WASH IN RUNNING WATER.

Public Drinking Places in Buenos Ayres Must Cleanse Glasses That Way.

"They do some things better in Buenos Ayres than we do in this country," said a former Milwaukee man, who has spent many years in Argentina.

"It may be considered a small matter by some, and yet one ironclad regulation down there always struck me as eminently sound—a regulation providing that all glasses used in bars, saloons and public drinking places shall be washed in running water. The idea is that by cleansing them in water that is used over and over there is a good chance for the transmission of disease. Inspectors are always on their rounds seeing that the law is observed, and woe to the man who is found delinquent in its observance. Buenos Ayres, by the way, is kept as clean as any city in the United States, and is one of the most progressive towns in the world."

"When a man dies down there it does not matter whether he made a will disposing of his property or not. The law of the country comes into play, and divides all his possessions equally among his heirs. Not one of them can be disinherited. One good effect of this is to do away with big landed estates. Many of these, though, are still of enormous size, and farms of 6,000 acres are the rule, rather than the exception."

Up-to-Date Monks.

The monks of the St. Bernard hospice in Switzerland are bound to be up to date. They have purchased an automobile to carry provisions up the mountain. In order not to frighten teams they had a horse hitched to the motor wagon. The government's permission had to be obtained, because of the bridges, some of which were not intended for such heavy loads.

Not His First Love.

"I understand he married his first love."

"Say, how can a fellow marry himself?"—Judge.

INVASION OF SEA GULLS.

The Immense Flock That Regularly Takes Refuge in New York Harbor.

"See the sea gulls screaming soar," said an alliterative passenger on a Staten Island ferryboat, according to the New York Press, one dark and threatening morning as the boat approached the New York ship.

"There's a storm outside," he continued, "and by the number of gulls which have come in out of the wet I should say it was a corker."

Over the irregular basin formed by Governor's Island, the Brooklyn and the Manhattan shores, hundreds of gulls were flying—now in straight lines, now in sweeping circles, now swooping down to the surface of the water, to rise again with flutter of wings and a flinging of spray. Over the funnels of the tugs, steamers and ferryboats which always crowd the waterway they flew, darting down between the gliding hulls and calling to each other now and then with harsh cries. There were gray gulls and white ones, big ones and little ones and the misty air palpitated with the rush and beat of their wings. They seemed as much at home and as devoid of fear as if they had been flying along some lonely Jersey beach or circling over the lonely headland of Montauk. The screech of a steam whistle close to the wings of a shooting bird did not seem to startle him in the least and as to the roar of the millions of the great city which sounded around them—perhaps it sounded to them like the roar of the ocean and made them feel at home.

"Always, when a storm comes up outside," said the Staten Islander, "the gulls come in here in advance of it. The storm from which these gulls are now seeking shelter may be miles off the coast, but they have seen or smelled the vanguard of it and like good and cautious mariners have put for the port. They may have traveled hundreds of miles since daybreak to get here and the storm from which they flee may pass off to the eastward and not strike the city. But when you see the gulls you can bet there is something doing on the great Atlantic."

"This is a larger flock than one generally sees here, but I will wager that most, if not all, of them have been here before. These flocks of gulls form each little communities, as you know if you have ever dwelt along the seashore. Each flock is one big family and, as they have their own nesting place along the shore, so they have their own coves and bays where they seek shelter from the storms. The reason the flock seen between Governor's Island and the Battery varies in size from time to time is that, unless the storm is very severe, the tough old birds stay out and send in the younger and frailer ones. Of all the unnumbered flocks of sea gulls that scream along the shores of the seven seas, I doubt if any has such a unique harbor of refuge as the one which, when the storms lash the Atlantic into rage, seeks haven within a mile of the geographical center of Greater New York, where the towering crags of the skyscrapers protect them from the fury of the northeast wind."

They Suttently Air!

"Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the wary-looking man. "What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.

"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

"Well?" queried the family friend.

"Only last week," continued the other, "she tried to get me to insure my life for \$25,000 in her favor."—Kansas City Independent.

Auto Gun.

Mr. Bogwaller—Yep, that's my machine gun.

Visitor—Machine gun? Why, it looks to me like an old muzzle-loading musket.

"Well, so 'tis. It's what I shoot at the automobile fellers with."—Chicago Daily News.



TIME OF TRAINS ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN

St. Louis	Houston,
Hanibal,	Dallas,
Kansas City,	Fort Worth,
Junction City,	San Antonio,
Oklahoma City,	Galveston,
In the North,	in Texas,
and all points beyond.	

NORTH BOUND.

No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2:16 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906.

I. McNair, Agent,
Ada, I. T.

Ada Opera House

Otis B. Weaver Fire Insurance Agent

Represents several old line companies with practically unlimited capital.

Competitive Rates Are Met

Policies are written correctly and losses promptly paid . . .

The business of the property owners of this county is respectfully solicited.

OFFICE IN THE

Weaver Building,

Corner 12th & Broadway.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?

It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).

It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors : : : :

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.



Excursions to Florida and Cuba. Will sell daily until April 30th 1906, low rate round trip tickets from all stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals.

Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A.,

Wichita Kansas.



TIME CARD. Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp. 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.

I. McNair, Agent.

LOCAL NEWS

John Beard left for Sherman. Judge Doss left for Taft, I. T. John Conn went to Stonewall. C. W. Wilson left for Sulphur. Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185. tf 193

P. W. Harris, a cotton broker of Galveston, is in the city.

J. M. Bruner's family has gone to Fayetteville, Ark.

M. L. Luper of Roff spent the night in Ada.

W. C. Stevens was here from Mill Creek.

Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon dentist, Henley & Biles building, 233 tf

W. H. L. Campbell, Esq., made a business trip to Muskogee.

Wedding announcements—the up-to-date kind—at the News office. ti

J. O. Tipton went to Okmulgee today.

J. E. Biles made a trip to Denison.

Duke Stone went to Ardmore on business.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

J. R. McGraw and wife returned from a trip to Holdenville.

Ladies, you can get calling cards at the News that are simply superb.

Mrs. M. E. Lovett left for Leonard, Texas, after a visit with Mrs. Mattie Cutts.

Wedding invitations—the latest styles—turned out at the News office. tf

Messrs. F. W. and C. K. Messers left today for Ladonia, Texas.

Miss Amanda Gallaher left for a visit to Kansas City and other Missouri points.

Rev. J. T. Alderson of Denton, Texas, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. John McKinley.

Dr. James A. Anderson of Little Rock is a guest of P. R. Eaglebarger.

Rev. C. M. Coppedge, Presiding Elder of Holdenville District, came in today.

Mrs. Mary Lewis, who has been visiting her brother, Frank Yeargain, returned today to Madrid.

First class dressmaking. Apply to Mrs. Houghton at Mrs. Emory's corner Broadway and West 14th Street. 6t 268

Rev. T. W. Pitt of Denison, Texas, is in Ada, stopping with his brother-in-law, M. A. Cassidy.

Get one of those special duplicating mortgage books for business men. For sale at News office.

M. Y. Wilson, a Corsicana, Texas, grain dealer, who has been in the country several days looking for corn, left for home today.

L. E. Patterson of Oklahoma City, vice president of the Citizens' National Bank, and H. T. King of Konawa, are attending the annual meeting of the bank's stockholders.

Lee Comstock and family, who have resided near Ada, will leave Wednesday for Mexico, New Mexico. Mr. Comstock will read the News in his new home.

The agent for the Winona Mills hosiery and fine underwear is in the city for this week. Think over what you want. If I should miss you call me up at the Hotel Byrd and oblige. 2t 268

O. H. Woods.

With the Baptists.

At First Church: A large attendance at Sunday School. All the teachers present and a good interest among the scholars. A fine sermon at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Subject: "The Life of the Church." One addition to the church. Collection to amount of \$55.50 to pay for new song books and some other improvements about the church.

A large congregation at night service. A good sermon by Pastor. Subject: "Repentance." Good attention, two forward for prayer at close of service.

At Second Church: A large attendance at Sunday School at 3 p. m. A good interest among both young and old. The older people of North Ada don't know any better than to attend Sunday School; and it is hoped that they will not graduate on this line very soon.

An excellent sermon at 4 p. m. by Pastor Chandler. Large congregation. The new meeting house in North Ada has proved to be too small already.

AUCTION SALE

Of Town Lots at Tupelo, Indian Territory.

On February 8, there will be an auction sale of town lots, both business and residence, at Tupelo, I. T., when splendid opportunities for investment and speculation will be offered. The terms of sale will be one-half cash and balance in 3 and 6 months. Round trip tickets will be sold at all points on the M. K. & T. railroad from Oklahoma City and from Denison, Texas at one and one-third fare. For further particulars address 12t 264 w 2t 41 W. C. Duncan, Ada, I. T. Geo. Northrup, Oklahoma City.

Kentuckians' Home Coming.

The program for "Home Coming Week" in Louisville, June 13 to 17, when one hundred thousand former Kentuckians are expected to go back to their native heath, is rapidly taking shape.

The first day, Wednesday, June 13, will be known as Reception and Welcome Day; the second, June 14, as Foster Day; the third, June 15, as Daniel Boone Day; the fourth, June 16, as Greater Kentucky Day, and the fifth, Sunday, June 17, as "Until We Meet Again."

The address of welcome is to be delivered by Henry Watterson, and responded to by David R. Francis, of Missouri. Others on the programme are Wm. Lindsay, John G. Carlisle, John M. Harlan, Thos. T. Crittenden, Adlai E. Stevenson, etc.

Supposed Safe-blowers.

Comanche, I. T., Jan. 28.—A man supposed to be one of the Massa, I. T., or Montague, Texas, safeblowers sold a horse and buggy at Loco, I. T., yesterday evening and fell in with three Loco parties. They drove through here at 9:30 p. m. to a saloon a mile west, in Comanche county, Ok. While there he slipped out and disappeared. He left his grip in the surrey. When it was examined it was found to contain a full set of safeblowers' tools, nitroglycerin, dynamite, electric battery, etc. All of the officers in this section have been notified.

Subscribe for the News.

Notice.

To all members of the Anti-Horse Thief Association of Ada local: You are requested to be at the Labor Hall on Friday night, Feb. 2nd. Important business. Don't fail to be present—also the applicants who have not been instructed in the secrets. By Committee, 5t 268 S. J. Armstrong, J. D. Looper.

Mrs. M. M. Turlington and mother departed today for their new home at Tidmore, I. T. Dr. and Mrs. Turlington, originally from Southeast Texas, located last summer in North Ada and their many friends will regret their departure.

Feeds no More.

The Wilson restaurant, owned by C. W. Wilson, quit business Monday afternoon all of a sudden. Mr. Wilson is considerably discouraged over the outlook for caterers in Ada and expects to try his fortune elsewhere.

It is Coming.

The Imperial Saxophone Quartette, at the Methodist church, Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. Come and hear the greatest reader of modern times, Miss Josephine Retz.

Surprise Store

Pennies saved will soon amount to dollars. When on the look for bargains don't fail to come by the

SURPRISE STORE

14-qt tin dishpans10c
3 boxes of Searchlight matches10c
10-qt tin buckets10c
3-lb bucket Golden Axle Grease15c
1 lot of boys' and men's heavy winter caps10c

We are offering some extra bargains in boys' pants in sizes from 5 to 15 years. Not a pair in the lot worth less than 45c, they all go at 2 pairs for75c

1 lot small boys' all wool sweaters. These sweaters are actually worth 75c and \$1.00. 4 dozen to select from in red, white, blue and mixed colors, in small sizes only each45c

Surprise Store

The People Who Put the Price Down

To My Friends and Customers.

I wish to state that I am now associated with T. J. Chambliss and would be glad to have my acquaintances to call and see me at any time. At this store you can find any and everything you need such as dry goods, boots, shoes, clothing, groceries and farming implements of all kinds. 2t 268 2w-42 Respectfully C. C. Hargis. Formerly with E. L. Steed.

A Menace to Health.

Kidney trouble is an insidious danger, and many people are victims of a serious malady before the symptoms are recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure corrects irregularities and strengthens and builds up the kidneys, and it should be taken at the first indication of kidney trouble, as it is impossible to have good health if the kidneys are deranged. Sold by Clark Drug Co. and Mason Drug Co.

WANTED:—Men in each state to travel, post signs, advertise and leave samples of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. Kuhlman Co., Dept. S., Atlas Block, Chicago. w12t 40

For Cash ONLY

50-lb U. S. Flour\$1.20
50-lb Gilt Edge Flour 1.00
Corn per can5c
White Swan Corn per can10c
3 cans Pumpkin25c
3 cans Blackberries 25c or 6 for45c
3 cans Strawberries 25c or 6 for45c
3 cans Gooseberries 25c or 6 for45c
2 cans Muscal Grapes25c
2 cans Table Peaches25c
2 cans Green Gage Plums25c
20 lb Lima Beans\$1.00
1-gal can Senders Maple Syrup \$1.20
50-lb can Lard\$4.00

Will Sell Anything We

Have at Cost.

R. S. TOBIN.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S.,

Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

WANTS

WANTED:—Boarders. Nice rooms with good board. Modern conveniences. Mrs. Hardin, corner 19th and Townsend. 3t 269

FOR RENT:—Four room house, W. 16th St., good well, will build barn if needed: \$10 per month till Sept. 1st. Apply to Mrs. R. M. Prewitt, E. 16th St. 1t-269

FOR SALE:—A good Jersey cow. Also two 12x14 tents, good as new. See Ross Tipton. 3t269

FOR RENT:—For part of crop, good farm, water in yard, good house. Apply to S. R. Tolbert. 2t 268

FOR SALE:—Cash or credit, two work mules, or will trade for Ada property. 268 tf U. G. Winn.

FOR SALE:—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss. 246-tf

FOR RENT:—Good 4-room house, North Ada. 267 4t Otis B. Weaver.

Notice.

By virtue of authority placed in me I will rent to the highest bidder for cash in hand under sealed bids on Saturday, February 3rd, 1906, at two o'clock p. m., the following land to-wit: East one-half of southeast 1/4 of sec. 33, township 4, north, range 6, east, and southwest 1/4 of sec. 34, township 4, north, range 6, east, this land located just east of the M. K. & T. Ry. adjoining the southeast part of Ada, except the small tract of land west of the M. K. & T. Ry. laying between the town and the railroad, which is reserved. There is something like 100 acres of land in cultivation, the rest in pasture, containing in all about 240 acres. Together with all improvements east of the M. K. & T. Ry.

Right is reserved to reject any and all bids. 5t 268 w1-42 W. H. Braley, Receiver

Low Rates

To California and the Northwest via the Frisco System daily February 15th to April 7th. \$25.00 to California points and relatively as low rates to points in the northwest.

Maps, schedules and other information will be cheerfully and promptly furnished on application to


I. McNair, Agt., Ada, I. T.
L. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

FRUIT TREES AT LOW RATES

The Next 30 Days

Apples, Pears, J. Plums, Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, Quinces, Jap. Persimmons, Pecans, Berries, Roses, Shrubs and Evergreens.

Call at N. Y. d. W. K. WELLBORN, Prop'r Ark. Nursery.



PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be strewn about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it, if your book-case is full of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

Globe-Wernicke
"Elastic" Book-Case

is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the largest manufacturers of such goods in the world. It's furnished in a variety of grades, sizes and prices, adapted to any and all requirements. It's a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfection dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.

Sold By
W. C. DUNCAN.

CITY BARBER SHOP,

D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work Guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St., Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Reed & Harrison

Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes; the Lowest Prices

COAL! COAL!

REMEMBER we are still in the Coal Business and handle the best grades of Lehigh and McAlester Coal, and will sell it on a close margin. We also carry in stock stove, heater and coard wood. PHONE 246.

ADA COAL CO.

Cheap Rates to Denver.

Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates. Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days. For full information see Frisco agent or address

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

Miss Mollie Kennedy

TRAINED NURSE.
KONAWA—Phone No. 1—I. T.
Graduate of Kankakee Training School, Illinois.

FOR LAND SURVEYING

See or Write to Me.
J. C. EARLY,
With J. H. Wright & Co.,
SULPHUR, IND. TER.

THE NICKEL STORE

SMALL PROFITS
QUICK SALES CASH

We do not sell on credit to anyone, no matter how wealthy or how honest. Please do not embarrass us by asking. We have moved to Main street, third door from Rollow's corner. A better house in which to show our goods.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell per's, ink, muclage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books. Tablets, both for pencil and ink, ruled or unruled

5c

We also in this department keep sletes, slate pencils, ink stands, school boxes and school supplies. Come here for your school books. Any book used in town or country and we can save you money on them.

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels; standard authors

10c

Small Things

Hair pins, wire and horn, back combs, side combs, ladies, gents and childrens stockings, towels, darning cotton. Needles, Milward's gold eye at 4c per paper.

Hardware

Sargeant's food chopper, chops meat, vegetables, etc., ordinarily called sausage grinders,

\$1.24

No. 1 steel traps, with chain 15c
Curry combs - - - 5c and 10c
Tack hammers - - - 5c and 10c
Can opener with cork screw 10c
Harnes rivets, tubular 50 in a box, assorted lengths 5c, slatted or forked 100 in a box 5c, solid copper, 1-4 pound boxes - - - - - 10c
Sure-clinch shoe tacks, brass and copper plated, 1-4 pound boxes

4c

First class American files eight-inch - - - - - 10c
Ten-inch - - - - - 12 1-2c
Twelve-inch - - - - - 20c
Don't buy reworked files when you can buy first class files at above prices.

Carpet tacks, 500 tacks in a box, 5c per box.

Crank egg beaters

10c

Knives and Forks

Best goods for the price, from 50c to \$1.65 per set.

T hinges, three-inch and five-inch - - - - - 5c

Butt hinges, three-inch with screws - - - - - 10c

WARRANTED SHEARS

Eigh-Inch

50c

Big bargains in

Tinware and Enameledware

Large enameled dishpan 50c
Enameled ladle - - - 10c
Baking pans - - - 10c

Examine our stock and compare our prices.

Thanking you for past patronage and respectfully asking a continuance of same,
I am yours respectfully,

S. M. Shaw, Prop

The

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.

- Make Good -

Resolutions

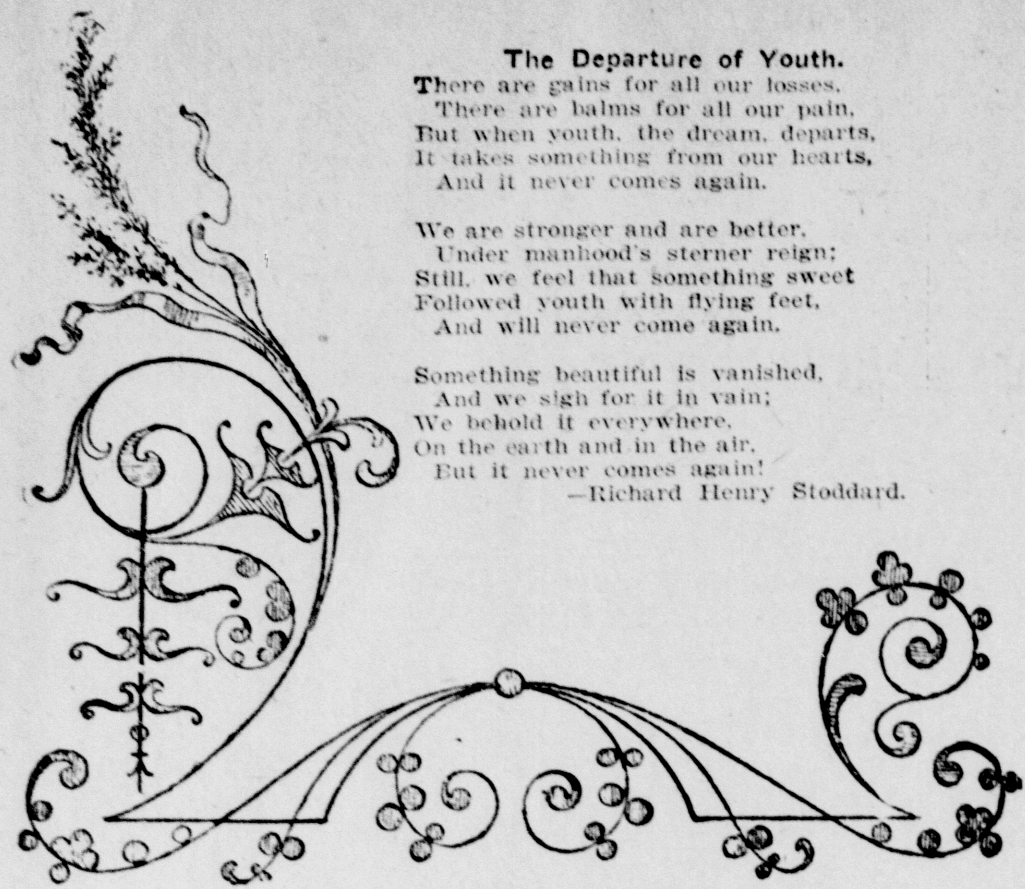
For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your feet all the comfort possible.

Keep this resolution by buying your shoes from

Chapman

The Shoeman



His Second Sight

When we are particularly anxious to annoy Weston at the club we have only to start a discussion on spiritualism. Sometimes if one of the junior members has to be punished for cheek we tell him tall spiritualistic yarns and advise him to go to Weston for their verification. This has much the same effect as sending a boy to a saddler to buy strap oil.

Not so many years back Weston was an enthusiastic spiritualist himself, attending seances and even writing letters to the local press on the subject. But he was cured somewhat rudely and in a manner likely to make a lasting impression on any man.

You see it was this way: About five years ago, when Weston was at the height of his spiritualistic zeal, a widow with a very pretty daughter, reputed to be worth a small fortune of \$1,500 a year, took a house on the outskirts of the town. Weston fell head over ears in love with Daisy, though, greatly to his chagrin, she seemed to prefer the attentions of a young chap in the office of a firm of solicitors who held the office of clerk to the magistrates. Weston was continually at Miss Daisy about spiritualism and tried to get her mother to bring her to some of his precious seances. But she refused to have anything to do with them, and I believe it was this silly fad of his which put her off Weston. Any sane, sensible man, seeing how the ground lay, would have dropped spiritualism and gone in for a little reality—Daisy was worth dropping something for, I can tell you—but where spirits were concerned Weston was just mad, and it only made him more determined to prove to her that his theories about second sight and so on were correct.

I remember that winter well. It froze for three weeks on end. Weston used to take Daisy out skating on some flooded meadows near the station, and things seemed to be coming to a head. He wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve and was ready to lick her shoes for love, but the other chap, who just at this time came out of his articles and got a partnership in the firm, was making the running pretty hot. There had been a lot of men thrown out of work by the cold weather and some ugly stories were afloat about burglars, footpads and the like. Mrs. Hardy's little house, away out by itself, seemed a sure mark for gentlemen of this sort, and Weston was never tired of warning her to keep the windows bolted, and even induced her to have a special new lock put on the front door.

After the frost we had snow, a fortnight of it, and the whole town got pretty well snowed up. Weston did not seem himself about this time. I remember we remarked upon it at the club. Perhaps his second sight told him some crisis was at hand. Any way, it came. It was one Wednesday night. There was a concert in the town hall which some of us went to, but the place was so full of draughts that we were glad to get by the fire in the club smoking room at half-time. Maybe we had sat there for ten minutes when we heard someone come running down the road like a madman. We all jumped up and went to the window just in time to

The Departure of Youth.
There are gains for all our losses.
There are halms for all our pain.
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

air. They made straight for the Hardys, and we turned the last corner just in time to see Weston extricating himself from a large snow heap, so we waited in the shadow of the wall. But, perhaps, I had better tell the rest of the story as Weston recounted it to us afterward.

It appears that he was sitting at home cursing the weather, the cold, and the concert, whither Mrs. Hardy and Daisy had been conducted by the rival, when as he dozed in his chair he had a vision. Quite distinctly, he assured us, he saw a lonely little house surrounded with snow and



He was on his back in the snow, with a glimmer of light shining through the front window, while a man, Jimmy in hand, and carrying over his back a bag of tools, was trying to force the front door. In a flash he recognized Mrs. Hardy's house—he seemed to hear the metallic grating of the jimmy as it wrenched at the lock and splintered the woodwork—and seeing the hand of Providence offering him a way straight to Daisy's heart, he dashed out just as he was and never stopped till he tripped into the snow heap.

As soon as he had extricated himself and recovered his breath a little he stealthily approached the house, bending low, as he softly pushed open the garden gate. There was the dim light glimmering out through the blinds of the front room and, yes, there, crouching by the door, jimmy in hand, was the figure of a man. Spurred on by love, Weston was no coward, and, unaccused, unarmed as he was, he flung himself upon the burglar, grappling with him fiercely as he loudly called for help. Weston is a small man and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he was on his back in the snow with a pair of hands have strangled the life out of him had not the door been suddenly opened from within to disclose the trembling figure of Daisy clinging fearfully to the rival, while from the top of the stairs Mrs. Hardy in bedroom attire made night hideous with her yells.

I will draw a veil over the rest. Weston's antagonist was the local locksmith, called in hurriedly to repair the patent lock, which had stuck fast and prevented the door being properly shut. A bad headache had kept Mrs. Hardy from the concert, where she would not allow her daughter to go unchaperoned, and she had gone to bed early, leaving the young people to their own devices. What with the fright and the cold, Mrs. Hardy was ill in bed for a fortnight, and only got out in time to be present when Weston was convicted of assault and battery before the local magistrate, for whom the rival was acting as clerk that day.

Daisy was married in the spring, but I think what hit Weston hardest was that when we helped him home on that eventful night it was to find his back door in splinters and every room in the place ransacked.

Weston never mentions spiritualism now.—Gordon Meggy in Chicago Record-Herald.

Difference in Light Rays.

Lenard rays and cathode rays are regarded as moving electrons—that is, trains of minute negative electric charges flying with great velocity. Roentgen rays are trains of solitary waves of radiated energy emitted at the impact of flying electrons with stationary groups of electrons, i. e., solid matter.

A friend in need is a friend hard up.

THEIR MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

Irishmen Were Quick to See a "Good Thing."

A few years ago, owing to the serious depredations of ratcatchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice boards offering a reward of £5 for information, payable on conviction of the offender, relates London Tit-Bits. Not many days after the notice appeared an Irishman was caught and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting, altogether, to £22. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor, having been in the court on the previous day, recognized the "liberator" as the principal witness against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation. "Well," said Pat, "it's loike this, sorr, Tim and myself were hard up, and, seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him and this morning I drew the money; and now ye're paid, we've £3 left to start the world with, and, be gorra, I hope the board'll stop a bit longer."

A LAWYER'S GOOD ADVICE.

Intending Litigants Would Do Well to Heed It.

One of the old practitioners at the Osceola (Mo.) bar tells this story of the good counsel which a lawyer in that town once gave a client:

Shortly after the firm of Nesbit & Ferguson hung out their shingle an old farmer called upon them in regard to a land suit. Some of the parties at issue were not residents of the state and it was necessary to notify them by publication. Ferguson took down a blank and began to fire questions at the farmer at a great rate, which the honest old fellow proceeded to answer after weighing carefully each word. The blank having been finished and put in a pigeon-hole, the client asked what it was.

"That is the advertisement commanding the non-residents to appear and defend the suit."

"And how much will that cost?" "My friend," said Ferguson, calmly, looking the old man in the eye, "if you are going to figure on the cost you had better stay out of lawsuits."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

HOPE OF GETTING IT AGAIN.

Alice Roosevelt, as a Child, Had Strong Religious Convictions.

Miss Martha Havemeyer, the daughter of William F. Havemeyer, at one of her recent literary "at homes" talked of children.

"I heard the other day," she said, "a story about Miss Alice Roosevelt's childhood. The little girl was walking with her nurse on a spring morning through one of the city parks. Trotting up and down near her was an urchin with a balloon—one of those big and buoyant red balloons that children hold and look up at fondly. The child was so unfortunate as to let his balloon escape in a strong gust of wind. It soared up and into the blue sky. It disappeared from view. Its owner howled and screamed in his despair.

"Alice ran up to him. She patted him on the back. She said in a comforting tone:

"Never mind about your balloon, little boy. It has gone up to heaven, and when you die you will get it again."

Five Generations of One Family.

Mrs. Susan D. Crossman, mother of Elisha Crossman of Chicago, and a pioneer of Rock county, Wis., celebrated her 100th birthday at her home, five miles from Beloit, Wis., on Sunday, March 29. Five generations were represented by fifty persons in the family gathering assembled to celebrate the event. Mrs. Crossman was born in Cheshire, Mass. Her grandfather was Earl Clapp, a minute man and major in the revolutionary war. In 1848 Mrs. Crossman and her husband penetrated the wilderness to near the present site of Afton, Wis., and settled on government land. Of their seven children four are living. One, Mrs. Helen M. Chandler, was a missionary in Siam for thirty-nine years. —Chicago Tribune.

Music.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank:
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

—Shakespeare.

Senator Gorman's Compliment.

On one occasion while Senator Gorman was speechmaking in Maryland he met a lady who told him how disappointed she had been the week previous, when the crowd was so great that she could not get near enough to hear what he said.

"The truth is," complained the fair admirer, "I drove fourteen miles to hear you speak, but I was so completely wedged in by negroes I could not move a step."

"Madam," answered the senator with a gallant bow, "I am very sorry for your disappointment, but you must remember you are not the first jewel which has been set in jet."—New York Times.

A TIP-TAKER'S VIEW.

Sees a Decline in the Great American Habit.

The bitter cry of the victims of the "tip nuisance" is loud in the land, but the recipients of tips have usually maintained a haughty silence. Now Mr. James S. Stemons, a colored waiter explains their point of view in the Independent.

Waiters' wages have everywhere been reduced with the growth of tips, so that the tipper is merely making good the deficiencies of the employer. But of late there has also been a great decline in the volume of tips, so that the waiter, underpaid and confronted with the loss of his perquisite at the same time, is flattened between the two rolls of a wringer.

In a number of representative hotels and restaurants in different cities the tips received by colored waiters vary from nothing at one place in Cleveland to a dollar and a half a day in New York. At the best hotel in New Orleans they average seventy-five cents a day, in Louisville fifteen cents, and in Philadelphia from forty cents to a dollar. The usual range in the South is low.

In the North the tendency is for the best hotels and restaurants to employ white waiters. Where colored men are employed they get much lower wages.

As a rule colored waiters draw from \$18 to \$22 a month in wages, and they are lucky when they can get \$15 more in tips. In most restaurants the bulk of the business is compressed within two or three hours, and ten cents is the prevailing fee. "In fact, it is only the most aggressive waiter who manages to average so much as fifty cents a day in tips."

The recipient of this tip takes it as a matter of hard necessity—not because he likes to. The author of the article quoted worked for three years before he consented to accept one and then it was forced upon him. But the tip will stay until the patrons of hotels and restaurants induce proprietors to pay living wages. Such a movement, if Mr. Stemons may be credited, will have the enthusiastic support of the waiters, whose supposed exactions inspired the virtuous resolves of the Anti-Tipping league.

SAYING PRAYERS IN ADVANCE.

How Thoughtful Child Provided for Season's Enjoyment.

Julian Hawthorne sometimes tells an amusing story of the childhood of his daughter Hildegard.

"Once, when Hildegard was a little girl," he will begin, "she was elated over the fact that we were all going to spend the summer at the seashore. Particularly was she elated on the night before our departure. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were flushed, and she could do nothing but dance and clap her hands for joy.

After she had gone to her room I heard her chattering away like an insane person for a long time. I peeped in and saw her on her knees praying. Over and over again she repeated the same prayer.

"Hildegard," I said, "what on earth are you doing, child?"

"I am saying my prayers now for all summer," she answered, "so that I won't have to waste any time on them while we are away."—New York Tribune.

Bilkins and His Joke.

Forty years ago Bilkins, then a lad, saw it for the first time. It was in an old almanac which had been printed before he was born. The almanac credited it to a still older publication. Bilkins laughed when he saw it. To his immature mind it appeared funny. Then he took it unto himself for his own, and every year at the recurring season he has inflicted it upon his friends.

The other day while rain was falling, Bilkins, in a waterproof coat and under an umbrella, met Silkins dashing along unprotected from the elements. Bilkins seized the opportunity.

"Hello, Silkins!" he cried. "Where's your umbrella? Lent, I'll bet. Ha! ha!"

"No!" howled Silkins. "It's stolen, you doggedest idiot!" And he smote Bilkins full sore.

A policeman assisted Bilkins out of the gutter. While waiting for the ambulance the officer said:

"Let this be a warning to you. Remember, the man who jokes about an umbrella and Lent borrows trouble from people who are glad to let him have it."

True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove—
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
Is not taken,
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
And cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom—
If this be error, and upon me proved,<
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—Shakespeare.

Theories and Facts.

That a theory accords with the facts does not necessarily prove it true. According to Poincare, the eminent French mathematician, an infinite number of theories, only one of which is actually true, may be devised to account for any given state of facts.

Many Fraternities at Cornell.
Cornell has twenty-six fraternities,

When Father Pays the Bills

All Concerned Unite to Secure a Slice of the Old Man's Wealth When He Is Arranging for the Wedding Festivities of His Daughter.

"There are two men who in the midst of their troubles never get any sympathy and they are the man with the mumps and the prospective father-in-law," said a citizen of this city who is planning an Easter wedding for his daughter, to a writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. "I am planning the wedding of my only daughter and so am learning what every other father before me has learned, that the prospective father-in-law is the legitimate prey of the class of tradesmen who get rich out of the altruism of brides and the gullibility of papa. I refer to the caterer, the florist and the choirmaster."

"It is the duty of every prospective father-in-law to give his daughter a bangup wedding, but it is also his privilege to study economy at the same time. I first had a conference with the caterer who helped us out when it was our turn to entertain the Frisky Fossils' Thursday Evening Euchre club. I remembered he furnished us punch, sandwiches, ice cream, lady fingers, coffee and camp chairs for fifty people at the rate of 37 cents a head, not counting the charge for waiters. And I calculated he'd charge an old customer at the same rate per head for wedding victuals of the same sort. But, oh, no! This is a wedding! He couldn't think of serving a hundred people for less than \$200, and that would include champagne punch. I insisted that common, everyday punch was good enough, but the caterer succeeded in convincing me that only champagne

punch should be served at a wedding reception, and that wedding feed invariably includes chicken salad and croquettes a la something. So I gave in.

"Then I sought the florist. My daughter decided on daisy bouquets for the bridesmaids, a bouquet of lilies of the valley for herself and boutonnières of daisies for the ushers. I figured on 25 cents for the boutonnières, \$5 for the lilies of the valley and \$2 each for the bunch of daisies and thus fortified I went to the florist. In this item I had to raise the ante about 100 per cent. I got the boutonnières for 50 cents, the daisy bouquets for \$5 and the lilies of the valley for \$10 and for this price I got a 'cascade' bunch, which, I was informed, was a great concession for which I ought to be thankful.

"But I got my real eye-opener when I went to get the choirboys to sing. Now, I thought the boys would be glad to come around to the house and have a good time and sing 'Faithful and True' and 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden' for 50 cents each. But I forgot again that a wedding changes the aspect of all things. The boys will sing Lohengrin and the anthem at \$5 a head.

"Thus have my eyes been opened and my legs been pulled, but I am rejoicing. My girl will have as pretty a house wedding as has ever been given above 72d street."

"Well, then, don't kick when the lively stable keeper tacks on \$10 to your contract bill for carriage hire," added a sympathetic listener.

On the Management of Men

"Old Gorgon Graham" Writes on the Subject to His Son Pierre—Some Pointers as to the Successful Conduct of an Up-to-Date Business.

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously bestowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility of temper and cur-papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find out that you've hired the wrong man, you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a center of soreness. There are no exceptions to this rule, because there are no exceptions to human nature.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that it isn't always convenient to meet, but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings remember that to-day is your opportunity; to-morrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but if he's gazing at

the clouds, he's missing a heap of interesting and important doings down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office, and tuck it away in the safe.

It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will readily see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men, you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day, so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders; and insist on their sending you a line every day, whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write in six times a week to the house, he uses up his explanations mighty fast, and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very, very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Where People Talk Too Much

Restaurant Waiter Tells of Bad Habit of Many People Who Dine in Public Places—Exceptional Case of Gratified Curiosity in Point.

"When I marry a rich man and take to eating in restaurants myself instead of waiting on other people who eat there, I don't intend to talk about anything but the weather, and I shall discuss that with a great deal of caution," said Waitress No. 19. "I shall be thus guarded in my remarks, because I think it had form to give my family affairs away before folks the way most people do when dining and lurching away from home."

"I remember, for instance, the case of the man and woman who couldn't agree to get married on account of their relatives. They sat here for two solid hours talking it over. He had three children, which she didn't want to be bothered with, and she had a mother that he didn't want hanging around. Much as they seemed to care for each other, neither would agree to break family ties, yet neither would accept the other's incumbences. The argument waxed pretty hot at times, and they went away still in fighting mood.

"Several months after that the woman came in one day alone. She sat at my table. I was devoured with curiosity, and finally, as the risk of losing my place, I spoke to her.

"It has been a long while since you were here," I said.

"She was surprised, but she did not get angry."

"Yes," she said, "it has been a long while. I am surprised that you remember me."

"Oh, I could never forget you," I said. "You were here with a gentleman, and you sat here talking about his children and your mother."

"That was an awfully nery thing to do, but still she didn't get mad."

"Yes," she said, "I remember that day."

"She stopped as if that ended it, but she proved to be a true lady with curiosity of her own. That made her sympathetic, and enabled her to appreciate how I suffered under the circumstances, so presently she added: 'We finally fixed it up all right. We rented an extra house across the street and set mother to housekeeping over there to take care of his children. The plan has worked beautifully, and I don't see why all couples with irreconcilable relations do not solve the problem that way.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

War Has Doubled Values.

Striking an average of the whole Orange river colony land values have doubled since the war.

Cotton and Wood.

Cotton has the same composition as wood.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Fair

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 59 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1906

NUMBER 269

\$30,000 STOCK Of Goods For Sale!

Beginning Thursday, January 17, and continuing for 30 days, we will sell our entire stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing and groceries at actual wholesale cost. Everything goes in this sale except wagons and farm implements. A large assortment of buggies is included in this cost sale. We have over-bought for the season and want to reduce our \$30,000 in the next 30 days to \$15,000. If you are "from Missouri" we can "show you" we are doing what we claim. This sale will be for spot cash--nothing will be charged--as we need the money more than we need the goods. President Roosevelt could not buy on credit from us during this sale. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

This is Your Opportunity

The Big Store
Reed & Harrison

REPUBLICANS MEET TO CONSOLE ONE ANOTHER

Checotah, I. T., Jan. 30.—The Republican Executive Committee of Indian Territory, will meet in this city today. Checotah was full of prominent republicans last night. Hon. N. G. Turk, resident member of the committee, tendered the visitors a banquet at the hotel Gentry last night which was attended by a hundred of the party.

The program: Toastmaster, Clarence Douglas; address of welcome, N. G. Turk; response, Judge Ralls; "Our Meeting," Judge Harris; "How to make the State Republican," C. M. Campbell; "Harmony," O. O. Wells; "To the Victors Belong the Spoils," C. A. Davidson; "Congeniality," W. L. Williams; "All Good Fellows," G. S. Vic-

BANK AT TALIHINA TOUCHED FOR \$2000

Talihina, I. T., Jan. 20.—The First National Bank at this place was burglarized at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The safe was blown and the contents taken except about \$700, which was evidently overlooked. About \$2,000 was secured.

The robbers shot twice at a man who was attempting to give the alarm and drove him into the house. The building and fixtures

were considerably damaged. The cracksmen secured a crowbar and other tools from the railway shops, and also piled a quantity of baled hay about the building.

There is practically no clew to the robbers, though Deputy Marshal J. E. Emmert and posse are now making a determined effort to trace them.

The bank was insured.

WILL BECOME AT ONCE CITY OF SECOND CLASS

Council met in called session on Monday night. The Mayor and a quorum of the other officers present.

As the most important, the business connected with the city cemetery was taken up and discussed. Mr. McDaniels, being present, advanced several very important ideas in connection with same. After some discussion, it was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason that a committee be appointed to employ a sexton, arrange salary, and all other matters in connection with same. Motion carried.

The Mayor also appointed Mr. Mason to employ a surveyor to do the necessary work as reasonable as possible.

It was moved by Mason, seconded by Collins, that the city attorney be instructed to go at once to Chickasha, and meet Judge Dickerson and take the necessary steps to have Ada raised to a city of the second class.

By motion and seconded, it was resolved to reduce the day police to one man, as there did not appear to be sufficient work at present for two. Motion carried.

It was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason, that the city attorney be allowed \$50.00 for services rendered in the additions to the city, and also several important cases attended to by him. Motion carried.

No further business, the council adjourned until next regular meeting.

MADE HASTE TO DODGE THE STATEHOOD BOOMERS

Washington, Jan. 30.—The statehood bill was reported to the Senate last afternoon substantially as it came from the House. The democrats of the committee gave notice that they would present a minority report.

The action of the committee was somewhat abrupt, but this was due to the inclination of the committee not to grant any more hearings.

Several statehood boomers arrived from Oklahoma this morning, and it was reported that a number were enroute from Arizona and New Mexico. The action of the committee in reporting the bill somewhat precipitately was due to a desire to spare it-

self the ordeal of hearing these enthusiastic but useless boomers.

Perhaps the most important change made in the bill is that by which the number of court towns is reduced to two. The towns which lose are Lawton, in the present territory of Oklahoma, and Vinita, in Indian Territory.

As yet nothing can be said as to when the bill will be taken up in the senate, but the general opinion is that its advocates will have need of much patience. Private conferences are being held daily among the opponents of the measure and the time of its consideration will depend largely on the result of these.

PORTER GETS THE PLUM IN SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Washington, Jan. 30.—The President yesterday sent to the Senate the nomination of Grosvenor A. Porter, of Muskogee, I. T., for U. S. Marshal of the Southern District of Indian Territory. This is ended the long suspense and numerous speculations concerning the appointment for that office. Porter is a cousin of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Also it was given out at the White House that the President would appoint his picturesque friend, John Abernathy, marshal for the District of Oklahoma.

Wrecked By Explosion.

Tulsa, I. T., Jan. 29.—The nitroglycerin factory of the Shooters' Torpedo Company, five miles south of this city on the Arkansas river, blew up late last afternoon. Two employees who were at work in the agitator noticing that the oil and chemicals were not mixing right and threatening an explosion, fled from the building and escaped with their lives. The total loss is about three thousand dollars.

Subscribe for The News.

DENMARK'S AGED KING SUDDENLY PASSES AWAY

Copenhagen, Jan. 29.—Christian the Ninth, the aged king of Denmark, head of the crowned heads of Europe, father of King George of Greece, of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dowager empress Mara Feodorovna of Russia, grandfather of King Haakon the Seventh of Norway and related by blood or by marriage to most of the European rulers, died with startling suddenness at his palace this afternoon. The accession of his successor, Prince Frederick, his eldest son, who will be known as Frederick the Eighth, will be proclaimed tomorrow.

Baxley-Bratton.

Sunday at 9 a. m. in the office of Crawford and Bolen, Mr. Clyde Baxley and Miss Amy Bratton, both of Sasakwa, were joined in wedlock by Rev. John A. Williams.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$8.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.
Allen Livery Barn
South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop. Ada, I. T.
(Over Freeman's Store)

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars. Box Candies a Specialty At the Postoffice News Stand

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the
CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.
The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments.
Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President; JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 90,900.00
Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The local camp of Confederate Veterans are contemplating holding, in the near future, a special service in memory of the late General Joseph Wheeler. This would be an eminently proper honor to the memory of the great hero of two wars, of the old warhorse who ever hungered for an opportunity to fight for his country.

And in this memorial service the Veterans of the Gray should be joined by the Veterans of the Blue, by the Sons and Daughters, and by the Veterans of the Spanish-American War. For in the General's illustrious example there is a priceless heritage for all.

THE Cuban Senate has done the nice thing by passing unanimously an appropriation of \$25,000 to buy Miss Roosevelt a wedding present.

Our neighboring town of Roff has her waterworks enterprise going in earnest. A bond buyer purchased the 5.30 bonds at 102, and without looking, too. Roff is still unquestionably above par.

THERE springs from our little neighbor, Crystal Springs, or Byrd's Mill, or Franks Postoffice, a mighty rumor of discovered gold. But Ada's golden opportunities are yet to be preferred to all such fabulous wealth.

South McAlester—or Ohio—furnishes an attorney, Muskogee a marshal, for the Southern district. Wonder where the deputies will come from. It is possible, of course, that personal investigation may induce those who have the appointment of deputies to find a few honest republicans in this district.—Purcell Register.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," etc.

The Bad Boy Teeds the Menagerie
Scotch Snuff—Pa Gets Mealed by
the Sneezing Animals—Pa Takes
a Midnight Ride on a Mule to Es-
cape Punishment.

Well, I s'pose I have done it now, and it would not surprise me to be killed and fed to wild animals. The manager of the show was talking to me and me, before we left New York, and the condition of the show. The manager was all balled up on account of settling with people who pretended to be injured when the tent blew down at Poughkeepsie, and the hands and performers are kicking, because we are a month behind on salaries, and they get drunk whenever any day will buy for them. Everybody gives passes to everybody, that wants to get in the show, so the box office man has a signature, and people chase us from town to town for money for board, and hay, and everything.

All through New Jersey we showed to claim agents and doctors, and didn't take in money enough to buy meat for the animals. He said the animals had all taken cold, and lay around dormant, and didn't take any interest in the business, and the manager told me he must think of something to wake the animals up. Pa said he would leave it to me to wake 'em up, and get some ginger into them. I told pa if I had five dollars to spend I could make every animal jump like a box car. Pa gave me the money, and I went and bought five pounds of Scotch snuff, and divided it up into ounce packages, and started during the afternoon performance at Wilmington, Del., to wake up the animals.

There is something peculiar about animals. If you try to give them anything that they think you want them to take, you can't drive it down them with a pile driver, but if you try to hide something where they can reach it, they watch you out of one eye, and when you go away they look at you as much as to say, "O, you think you are smart, don't you?" Then they will go and dig it up and play with it, and eat it if they want to.

I took my first package of snuff to the lion's cage, and he was the sickest and most disgusted looking lion you ever saw, acting like a man who has taken a severe cold, and wants to kill anybody that looks at him. The lion lay on the straw, stretched out full length, paying no attention to the crowd that passed his cage, and acting as though he wanted a hot whisky and his feet soaked in mustard water. When he was not looking I hid the package of snuff under the straw, and rattled the straw a little, and he opened his eyes and looked at me as much as to say, "You can't fool old Shadrack, for I am on to you." I walked away behind the hyena cage, and Mr. Lion got up and stretched himself, and walked to the place where I put the package of snuff, put his foot on it and broke the paper, and then he put his nose down and sniffed a sniff that drew the whole of the snuff up into his nose and lungs, and inside generally.

Ge, but you never saw such a change in a lion. The crowd of visitors were right near his cage, when he sniffed, and when he got the snuff into him, he began to heave his sides like a man who is preparing to sneeze, caught his breath a few times, and let out a sneeze that sounded like the explosion of an automobile tire. It threw out feed all over the audience, and everybody ran away, yelling that the lion had busted.

He kept on sneezing, and looking so astounded, as though he couldn't make out what had got into him. Pa heard the commotion and came running up to the cage to find out what ailed the lion. After I had gone around to the other cages and put snuff in all of them, I came up to the lion's cage. The lion had stopped sneezing and was roaring and jumping up and down, with his mouth open, trying to catch his breath, like a man who has taken too big a dose of fresh horse-radish.

Pa said: "What you been doing to Shadrack?"

I told pa I had woke Shadrack up, and that in about a minute he would find that the whole animal kingdom had got a bellyful, and would join in the chorus.

Pa tried to soothe the lion by going up to the cage and stroking his mane, but the lion looked cross-eyed and stopped prancing and gave a sneeze right at pa, which blew pa clear across the lot to where the sacred cow had just got hers. When the snuff began to work on that cow it was simply scandalous. "Cause she belched and cried and sneezed all at once, and pawed pa. He got up and told me I was overdoing this waking up act on the animals.

By that time the cage of hyenas began to sneeze a quartette and fight each other, and the atmosphere about their cage was full of hair and language that would be much like cussing if it could be translated into English. Pa tried to quiet the crowd and silence the hyenas by taking an iron bar and mauling them, but the hyenas just backed up against the rear of the cage and howled and sneezed at pa, and dared him to come on.

One of them caught him by the shirt sleeve and tore pa's shirt off and cut it. Pa was a sight, with no shirt on, and he ought to have gone to the dressing room and slicked, but just then the camels and the giraffes, who had inhaled their snuff, began to sneeze and beg to be killed, and pa had to go over there and quiet them. A camel is the solemnest looking beast on earth when he tries to be good natured, but when he is sick and mad, and full of snuff, he is a fiend. One such camel is enough for a man to handle, but when 14 camels are all sneezing at once, and trying to locate the person that is responsible for their trouble, it is the safest to keep away, and when pa went in amongst them, with no shirt on, and the Arab keepers had run away in fright, it was a dangerous thing to do.

But pa is brave even to rashness. He went up to Mahomet, the double-humped leader of the herd, who was the leader of the sneezers, and kicked him in the slats and told him to hush up his noise. He clubbed him on the humps with a tent stake. Then there was a rebellion in Egypt, and Mahomet bit pa, and wouldn't let go, and the other camels sneezed all over pa, and had him down, walking on him with their padded feet. The circus hands had to pull pa out, and it wasn't so bad, because the crowd remained and they thought it was a part of the show, and that the animals were trained to sneeze that way.

The worst case was the hippopotamus. He was so big, and had such big nostrils, that I hid about half a pound of snuff on the side of his tank, and when he snuffed it up his nose he got it all. I heard a howl from the tank and I knew the hippo was getting ready to sneeze,

and I told pa to come on, 'cause Vessuvius was going to erupt.

Pa came on the run, just as he was, and then the worst happened. I think the hippo went under water when he found the sneeze was coming, for just as pa got to the tank the water flew into the air like a torpedo had exploded under a battleship, and the hippo had sneezed all right, and pa and the audience which had followed him were drenched and deafened by the explosion. The hippo had blown the water all out of his tank, and he lay at the bottom, on his side, sneezing little sneezes not louder than the report of a six-pound cannon, and panting for breath. Then he raised his head, got up on his feet, and opened his mouth like a gash cut in a steer by a cow catcher of an engine, and he yawned, and I guess he got the lockjaw, 'cause he kept his mouth open all the afternoon, to get the air, like a soprano singer in a choir, who has been fed a cayenne pepper lozenge by the tenor, just before she gets up to sing: "A Charge to Keep, I Have."

We went around and inspected the sneezing animals, with the manager, and he complimented me by saying I had saved the show from becoming an aggregation of stuffed animals, only fit for a taxidermist studio, and made every animal show that he had ginger in him. He wanted me to try my snuff cure on the performers and franks, 'cause they were getting to be dead ones.

Well, before the day was over at Wilmington, Del., pa was scared worse than he ever was in all his life before. The state of Delaware is the only state that punishes criminals by tying them up and whipping them on the bare back with a cut-o-nine-tails, and all our men had been warned to be good while they were in Delaware, 'cause if they committed any crime there was no power on earth that could save them from being publicly horsewhipped. Pa himself impressed it on the men to look out that they didn't get into any trouble. Gee, but the fear of a public whipping makes men good.

Twenty years ago some hold-up men from New York robbed a bank in Delaware, and were caught, and given 50 lashes apiece on the bare back, by a big negro, and there has never been a burglary in Delaware since. We thought we would play a joke on pa, so the manager told pa that constables were looking for him to arrest him for cruelty to animals, for kicking a camel in the stomach, and hitting the camel with an iron bar, and that if pa didn't want to be publicly horsewhipped on the bare back he better skip out for Washington, D. C., where we would show in a couple of days, and wait for us.

Pa was so frightened he couldn't get supper, and everybody talked about cats of nine tails, and how prisoners were cut to pieces, and every time pa saw a jay with a slouch hat he thought it was a constable after him. After dark he put on an old suit of clothes and said he was going to Washington. They told him if he went to take a train he would surely be arrested at the depot, so pa put a saddle on one of the mules, and rode out of town and rode all night, and all the next day he bought outs of farmers to be delivered at Wilmington for the circus. Finally he got out of Delaware, and the next day the farmers came in with the oats, but the show was gone, and they won't do a thing to pa if he ever shows up in Delaware again.

Pa met us at the depot in Washington but he was ever so changed from his long ride and anxiety over the possibility of being arrested and pilloried, and lambasted by a negro in Delaware. He said to me, with a trembling voice: "Henny, this 'ere show business is too much for your pa. I would rather be a Mormon, in Utah, with to wives, and several hundred children, and long whiskers. I am a changed man, Henny, and afraid of my shadow."

WASH IN RUNNING WATER.

Public Drinking Places in Buenos Ayres Must Cleanse Glasses That Way.

"They do some things better in Buenos Ayres than we do in this country," said a former Milwaukee man, who has spent many years in Argentina.

"It may be considered a small matter by some, and yet one ironclad regulation down there always struck me as eminently sound—a regulation providing that all glasses used in barrooms, saloons and public drinking places shall be washed in running water. The idea is that by cleansing them in water that is used over and over there is a good chance for the transmission of disease. Inspectors are always on their rounds seeing that the law is observed, and woe to the man who is found derelict in its observance. Buenos Ayres, by the way, is kept as clean as any city in the United States, and is one of the most progressive towns in the world.

"When a man dies down there it does not matter whether he made a will disposing of his property or not. The law of the country comes into play, and divides all his possessions equally among his heirs. Not one of them can be disinherited. One good effect of this is to do away with big landed estates. Many of these, though, are still of enormous size, and farms of 6,000 acres are the rule, rather than the exception.

Up-to-Date Monks.
The monks of the St. Bernard hospice in Switzerland are bound to be up to date. They have purchased an automobile to carry provisions up the mountain. In order not to frighten teams they had a horse hitched to the motor wagon. The government's permission had to be obtained, because of the bridges, some of which were not intended for such heavy loads.

Not His First Love.
"I understand he married his first love."
"Say, how can a fellow marry himself?"—Judge.

INVASION OF SEA GULLS.

The Immense Flock That Regularly Takes Refuge in New York Harbor.

"See the sea gulls screaming soar," said an alliterative passenger on a Staten Island ferryboat, according to the New York Press, one dark and threatening morning as the boat approached the New York slip. "There's a storm outside," he continued, "and by the number of gulls which have come in out of the wet I should say it was a corker."

Over the irregular basin formed by Governor's Island, the Brooklyn and the Manhattan shores, hundreds of gulls were flying—now in straight lines, now in sweeping circles, now swooping down to the surface of the water, to rise again with flutter of wings and a flinging of spray. Over the funnels of the tugs, steamers and ferryboats which always crowd the waterway they flew, darting down between the gliding hulls and calling to each other now and then with harsh cries. There were gray gulls and white ones, big ones and little ones and the misty air palpitated with the rush and beat of their wings. They seemed as much at home and as devoid of fear as if they had been flying along some lonely Jersey beach or circling over the lonely headland of Montauk. The screech of a steam whistle close to the wings of a shooting bird did not seem to startle him in the least and as to the roar of the millions of the great city which sounded around them—perhaps it sounded to them like the roar of the ocean and made them feel at home.

"Always, when a storm comes up outside," said the Staten Islander, "the gulls come in here in advance of it. The storm from which these gulls are now seeking shelter may be miles off the coast, but they have seen or smelled the vanguard of it and like good and cautious mariners have put for the port. They may have traveled hundreds of miles since daybreak to get here and the storm from which they flee may pass off to the eastward and not strike the city. But when you see the gulls you can bet there is something doing on the great Atlantic."

"This is a larger flock than one generally sees here, but I will wager that most, if not all, of them have been here before. These flocks of gulls form each little communities, as you know if you have ever dwelt along the seashore. Each flock is one big family and, as they have their own nesting place along the shore, so they have their own coves and bays where they seek shelter from the storms. The reason the flock seen between Governor's Island and the Battery varies in size from time to time is that, unless the storm is very severe, the tough old birds stay out and send in the younger and frailer ones. Of all the unnumbered flocks of sea gulls that scram along the shores of the seven seas, I doubt if any has such a unique harbor of refuge as the one which, when the storms lash the Atlantic into rage, seeks haven within a mile of the geographical center of greater New York, where the towering crags of the skyscrapers protect them from the fury of the northeast wind."

They Suddenly Air!

"Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the wary-looking man.

"What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.

"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

"Well?" queried the family friend.

"Only last week," continued the other, "she tried to get me to insure my life for \$25,000 in her favor."—Kansas City Independent.

Auto Gun.

Mr. Bogwaller—Yep, that's my machine gun.

Visitor—Machine gun? Why, it looks to me like an old muzzle-loading musket.

"Well, so 'tis. It's what I shoot at the automobile fellers with."—Chicago Daily News.



TIME OF TRAINS.

ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS

BETWEEN

St. Louis, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas, and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.

No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.

No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 3:16 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906. I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

Ada Opera House

Otis B. Weaver Fire Insurance Agent

Represents several old line companies with practically unlimited capital.

Competitive Rates Are Met

Policies are written correctly and losses promptly paid . . .

The business of the property owners of this county is respectfully solicited.

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To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?

It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).

It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors . . .

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.

Excursions to Florida and Cuba.

Will sell daily until April 30th 1906, low rate round trip tickets from all

stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals.

Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita Kansas.



TIME CARD.

Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp, 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 500 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets. I. McNair, Agent.

LOCAL NEWS

John Beard left for Sherman. Judge Doss left for Taft, I. T. John Conn went to Stonewall. C. W. Wilson left for Sulphur. Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185. 1198

P. W. Harris, a cotton broker of Galveston, is in the city.

J. M. Bruner's family has gone to Fayetteville, Ark.

M. L. Luper of Roff spent the night in Ada.

W. O. Stevens was here from Mill Creek.

Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon dentist, Henley & Biles building, 233 W.

W. H. L. Campbell, Esq., made a business trip to Muskogee.

Wedding announcements—the up-to-date kind—at the News office.

J. O. Tipton went to Okmulgee today.

J. E. Biles made a trip to Denison.

Duke Stone went to Ardmore on business.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

J. R. McGraw and wife returned from a trip to Holdenville.

Ladies, you can get calling cards at the News that are simply superb.

Mrs. M. E. Lovett left for Leonard, Texas, after a visit with Mrs. Mattie Cutts.

Wedding invitations—latest styles—turned out at the News office.

Messrs F. W. and C. K. Messers left today for Ladonia, Texas.

Miss Amanda Gallaher left for a visit to Kansas City and other Missouri points.

Rev. J. T. Alderson of Denton, Texas, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. John McKinley.

Dr. James A. Anderson of Little Rock is a guest of P. R. Eaglebarger.

Rev. C. M. Coppedge, Presiding Elder of Holdenville District, came in today.

Mrs. Mary Lewis, who has been visiting her brother, Frank Yeargan, returned today to Madrid.

First class dress-making. Apply to Mrs. Houghton at Mrs. Emory's, corner Broadway and West 14th Street. 6t 268

Rev. T. W. Pitt of Denison, Texas, is in Ada, stopping with his brother-in-law, M. A. Cassidy.

Get one of those special duplicating mortgage books for business men. For sale at News office.

M. Y. Wilson, a Corsicana, Texas, grain dealer, who has been in the country several days looking for corn, left for home today.

L. E. Patterson of Oklahoma City, vice president of the Citizens' National Bank, and H. T. King of Konawa, are attending the annual meeting of the bank's stockholders.

Lee Comstock and family, who have resided near Ada, will leave Wednesday for Mexico, New Mexico. Mr. Comstock will read the News in his new home.

The agent for the Winona Mills hosiery and fine underwear is in the city for this week. Think over what you want. If I should miss you call me up at the Hotel Byrd and oblige. 2t 268 O. H. Woods.

- Make Good - Resolutions For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your feet all the comfort possible.

Keep this resolution by buying your shoes from

Chapman
The Shoeman

With the Baptists.

At First Church: A large attendance at Sunday School. All the teachers present and a good interest among the scholars. A fine sermon at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Subject: "The Life of the Church." Collection to amount of \$55.50 to pay for new song books and some other improvements about the church.

A large congregation at night service. A good sermon by Pastor. Subject: "Repentance." Good attention, two forward for prayer at close of service.

At Second Church: A large attendance at Sunday School at 8 p. m. A good interest among both young and old. The older people of North Ada don't know any better than to attend Sunday School; and it is hoped that they will not graduate on this line very soon.

An excellent sermon at 4 p. m. by Pastor Chandler. Large congregation. The new meeting house in North Ada has proved to be too small already.

AUCTION SALE

Of Town Lots at Tupelo, Indian Territory.

On February 5, there will be an auction sale of town lots, both business and residence, at Tupelo, I. T., when splendid opportunities for investment and speculation will be offered. The terms of sale will be one-half cash and balance in 3 and 6 months. Round trip tickets will be sold at all points on the M. K. & T. railroad from Oklahoma City and from Denison, Texas at one and one-half fare. For further particulars address 12t 264 w2t 41 W. C. Duncan, Ada, I. T. Geo. Northrup, Oklahoma City.

Kentuckians' Home Coming.

The program for "Home Coming Week" in Louisville, June 13 to 17, when one hundred thousand former Kentuckians are expected to go back to their native heath, is rapidly taking shape.

The first day, Wednesday, June 13, will be known as Reception and Welcome Day; the second, June 14, as Foster Day; the third, June 15, as Daniel Boone Day; the fourth, June 16, as Greater Kentucky Day, and the fifth, Sunday, June 17, as "Until We Meet Again."

The address of welcome is to be delivered by Henry Watterson, and responded to by David R. Francis, of Missouri. Others on the programme are Wm. Lind say, John G. Carlisle, John M. Harlan, Thos. T. Crittenden, Adlai E. Stevenson, etc.

Supposed Safe-blowers

Comanche, I. T., Jan. 25.—A man supposed to be one of the Massa, I. T., or Montague, Texas, safeblowers sold a horse and buggy at Loco, I. T., yesterday evening and fell in with three Loco parties. They drove through here at 9:30 p. m. to a saloon a mile west in Comanche county, Ok. While there he slipped out and disappeared. He left his grip in the surrey. When it was examined it was found to contain a full set of safeblowers' tools, nitroglycerin, dynamite, electric battery, etc. All of the officers in this section have been notified.

Subscribe for the News.

Notice.

To all members of the Anti-Horse Thief Association of Ada local: You are requested to be at the Labor Hall on Friday night, Feb. 2nd. Important business. Don't fail to be present—also the applicants who have not been instructed in the secrets. By Committee, 5t 268 S. J. Armstrong, J. D. Looper.

Mrs. M. M. Turlington and mother departed today for their new home at Tidmore, I. T. Dr. and Mrs. Turlington, originally from Southeast Texas, located last summer in North Ada and their many friends will regret their departure.

Feeds no More.

The Wilson restaurant, owned by C. W. Wilson, quit business Monday afternoon all of a sudden. Mr. Wilson is considerably discouraged over the outlook for caterers in Ada and expects to try his fortune elsewhere.

It is Coming.

The Imperial Saxophone Quartette, at the Methodist church, Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. Come and hear the greatest reader of modern times, Miss Josephine Retz.

Surprise Store

Pennies saved will soon amount to dollars. When on the look for bargains don't fail to come by the

SURPRISE STORE

14-qt tin dishpans 10c
8 boxes of Searchlight matches 10c
10-qt tin buckets 10c
3 lb bucket Golden Axle Grease 15c
1 lot of boys' and men's heavy winter caps 10c

We are offering some extra bargains in boys' pants in sizes from 5 to 15 years. Not a pair in the lot worth less than 45c, they all go at 2 pairs for. 75c

1 lot small boys' all wool sweaters. These sweaters are actually worth 75c and \$1.00. 4 dozen to select from in red, white, blue and mixed colors, in small sizes only each 45c

Surprise Store

The People Who Put the Price Down

To My Friends and Customers.

I wish to state that I am now associated with T. J. Chambliss and would be glad to have my acquaintances call and see me at any time. At this store you can find any and everything you need such as dry goods, boots, shoes, clothing, groceries and farming implements of all kinds. Respectfully 2t 265 2w 42 C. C. Hargis. Formerly with E. L. Steed.

A Menace to Health

Kidney trouble is an insidious danger, and many people are victims of a serious malady before the symptoms are recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure corrects irregularities and strengthens and builds up the kidneys, and it should be taken at the first indication of kidney trouble, as it is impossible to have good health if the kidneys are deranged. Sold by Clark Drug Co. and Mason Drug Co.

WANTED.—Men in each state to travel, post signs, advertise and leave samples of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. Kuhlman Co., Dept. S. Atlas Block, Chicago w12t 40

For Cash ONLY

50-lb U S Flour \$1.20
50-lb Gilt Edge Flour 1.00
Corn per can 5c
White Swan Corn per can 10c
3 cans Pumpkin 25c
3 cans Blackberries 25c or 6 for 45c
3 cans Strawberries 25c or 6 for 45c
3 cans Gooseberries 25c or 6 for 45c
2 cans Muscat Grapes 25c
2 cans Table Peaches 25c
2 cans Green Gage Plums 25c
20 lb Lima Beans \$1.00
1-gal can Souders Maple Syrup \$1.20
50-lb can Lard \$4.00

Will Sell Anything We

Have at Cost.

R. S. TOBIN.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S.,

Manager,
DOBS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 22.

WANTS

WANTED:—Boarders. Nice rooms with good board. Modern conveniences. Mrs. Hardin, corner 19th and Townsend. 3t 269

FOR RENT:—Four room house, W. 16th St., good well, will build barn if needed; \$10 per month till Sept. 1st. Apply to Mrs. R. M. Prewitt, E. 16th St. 1t-269

FOR SALE:—A good Jersey cow. Also two 12x14 tents, good as new. See Ross Tipton. 3t 269

FOR RENT:—For part of crop, good farm, water in yard, good house. Apply to S. R. Tolbert. 2t 268

FOR SALE:—Cash or credit, two work mules, or will trade for Ada property. 268 tf U. G. Winn.

FOR SALE:—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss. 246-tf

FOR RENT:—Good 4-room house, North Ada. 267 tf Otis B. Weaver.

Notice.

By virtue of authority placed in me I will rent to the highest bidder for cash in hand under sealed bids on Saturday, February 3rd, 1906, at two o'clock p. m., the following land to-wit: East one-half of southeast 1/4 of sec. 38, township 4, north, range 6, east, and southwest 1/4 of sec. 34, township 4, north, range 6, east, this land located just east of the M. K. & T. Ry. adjoining the southeast part of Ada, except the small tract of land west of the M. K. & T. Ry. laying between the town and the railroad, which is reserved. There is something like 100 acres of land in cultivation, the rest in pasture, containing in all about 240 acres. To gether with all improvements east of the M. K. & T. Ry. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids. 5t 264 w1 42 W. H. Braley, Receiver

Low Rates

To California and the Northwest via the Frisco System daily February 15th to April 7th. \$25.00 to California points and relatively as low rates to points in the northwest.

Maps, schedules and other information will be cheerfully and promptly furnished on application to

I. McNair, Agt., Ada, I. T.
L. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

FRUIT TREES AT LOW RATES

The Next 30 Days

Apples, Pears, I. Plums, Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, Quinces, Jap. Persimmons, Pecans, Berries, Roses, Shrubs and Evergreens. Call at N. Y. D. West Ada, I. T.

W. K. WELLBORN, Prop'r Ark. Nursery.

PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be strewn about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it, if your book-case is full and of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

Globe-Wernicke

"Elastic" Book-Case

is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the largest manufacturers of such goods in the world. It's furnished in a variety of grades, sizes and prices, adapted to any and all requirements. It's a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfect dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.

Sold By

W. C. DUNCAN.

CITY BARBER SHOP,

D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work Guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St., Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Reed & Harrison Wholesale Buggies

The Best Makes; the Lowest Prices

COAL! COAL!

REMEMBER we are still in the Coal Business and handle the best grades of Lehigh and McAlester Coal, and will sell it on a close margin. We also carry in stock stove, heater and coalwood. PHONE 246.

ADA COAL CO.

Cheap Rates to Denver.

Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates. Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days. For full information see Frisco agent or address

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

HENRY M. FURMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

Miss Mollie Kennedy

TRAINED NURSE.

KONAWAY—Phone No. 1— I. T.
Graduate of Kankakee Training School, Illinois.

FOR LAND SURVEYING

See or Write to Me.

J. C. EARLY,

With J. H. Wright & Co.,

SULPHUR, IND. TER.

THE NICKEL STORE

SMALL PROFITS
QUICK SALES CASH

We do not sell on credit to anyone, no matter how wealthy or how honest. Please do not embarrass us by asking. We have moved to Main street, third door from Rollow's corner. A better house in which to show our goods.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell pens, ink, mucilage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books. Tablets, both for pencil and ink, ruled or unruled.

5c

We also in this department keep slates, slate pencils, ink stands, school boxes and school supplies. Come here for your school books. Any book used in town or country and we can save you money on them.

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels; standard authors

10c

Small Things

Hair pins, wire and horn, back combs, side combs, ladies, gents and childrens stockings, towels, darning cotton. Needles, Milward's gold eye at 4c per paper.

Hardware

Sargeant's food chopper, chops meat, vegetables, etc., ordinarily called sausage grinders.

\$1.24

No. 1 steel traps, with chain, 15c
Curry combs - 5c and 10c
Tack hammers - 5c and 10c
Can opener with cork screw 10c
Harnes rivets, tubular 5c in a box, assorted lengths 5c, slatted or forked 10c in a box 5c, solid copper, 1-4 pound boxes - 10c
Sure-clinch shoe tacks, brass and copper plated, 1-4 pound boxes

4c

First class American files eight inch - 10c
Ten inch - 12 1-2c
Twelve inch - 20c
Don't buy reworked files when you can buy first class files at above prices.
Carpet tacks, 500 tacks in a box, 5c per box.
Crack egg beaters

10c

Knives and Forks

Best goods for the price, from 50c to \$1.65 per set.
T. hinges, three-inch and five-inch - 5c
Butt hinges, three-inch with screws - 10c

WARRANTED SHEARS

Eigh-Inch

50c

Big bargains in

Tinware and

Enameledware

Large enameled dishpan 50c
Enameled ladle - 10c
Baking pans - 10c

Examine our stock and compare our prices.

Thanking you for past patronage and respectfully asking a continuance of same, I am yours respectfully,

S. M. Shaw, Prop

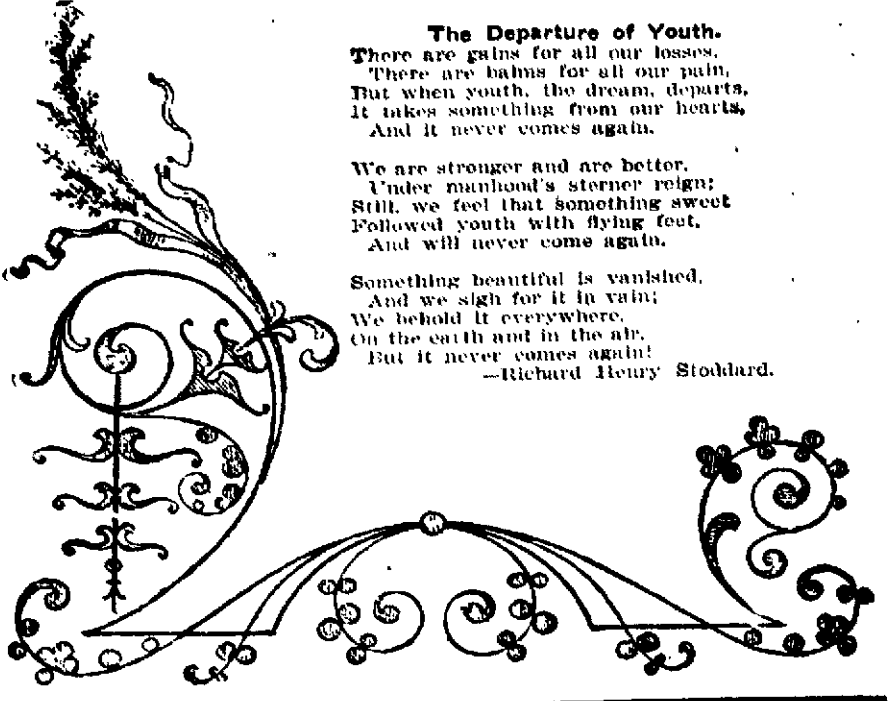
The

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.



The Departure of Youth.
There are gains for all our losses.
There are gains for all our pain.
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better.
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

His Second Sight

When we are particularly anxious to annoy Weston at the club we have only to start a discussion on spiritualism. Sometimes if one of the junior members has to be punished for cheek we tell him tall spiritualistic yarns and advise him to go to Weston for their verification. This has much the same effect as sending a boy to a saddler to buy strap oil.

Not so many years back Weston was an enthusiastic spiritualist himself, attending seances and even writing letters to the local press on the subject. But he was cured some what early and in a manner likely to make a lasting impression on any man.

You see it was this way: About five years ago, when Weston was at the height of his spiritualistic zeal, a widow with a very pretty daughter, reputed to be worth a small fortune of \$15,000 a year took a house on the outskirts of the town. Weston fell head over ears in love with Daisy, though, greatly to his chagrin, she seemed to prefer the attentions of a young chap in the office of a firm of solicitors who held the office of clerk to the magistrates. Weston was continually at Miss Daisy about spiritualism and tried to get her mother to bring her to some of his previous seances. But she refused to have anything to do with them, and I believe it was this silly fad of his which put her off Weston. Any sane, sensible man, seeing how the ground lay, would have dropped spiritualism and gone in for a little reality—Daisy was worth dropping something for, I can tell you—but where spirits were concerned Weston was just mad, and it only made him more determined to prove to her that his theories about second sight and so on were correct.

I remember that winter well. It froze for three weeks on end. Weston used to take Daisy out sitting on some flooded meadows near the station, and things seemed to be coming to a head. He wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve and was ready to kick her shoes for love, but the other chap, who just at this time came out of his articles and got a partnership in the firm, was making the running pretty hot. There had been a lot of men thrown out of work by the cold weather and some ugly stories were afloat about burglars, footpads and the like. Mrs. Hardy's little house, away out by itself, seemed a sure mark for gentlemen of this sort, and Weston was never tired of warning her to keep the windows bolted, and even induced her to have a special new lock put on the front door.

After the frost we had snow, a fortnight of it, and the whole town got pretty well snowed up. Weston did not seem himself about this time. I remember we remarked upon it at the club. Perhaps his second sight told him some crisis was at hand. Any way, it came. It was one Wednesday night. There was a concert in the town hall which some of us went to, but the place was so full of draughts that we were glad to get by the fire in the club smoking-room at half-time. Maybe we had sat there for ten minutes when we heard someone come running down the road like a madman. We all jumped up and went to the window just in time to

see Weston, without an overcoat, and with no hat on, tearing along like a motor car and making far more noise. We guessed something was up, and three of us put on our coats and followed. It was easy to see his footprints in the newly-fallen snow; there were still a few stray flakes in the

air. They made straight for the Hardy's, and we turned the last corner just in time to see Weston extricating himself from a large snow heap, so we waited in the shadow of the wall. But, perhaps, I had better tell the rest of the story as Weston recounted it to us afterward.

It appears that he was sitting at home cursing the weather, the cold, and the concert, whither Mrs. Hardy and Daisy had been conducted by the rival, when as he dozed in his chair he had a vision. Quite distinctly, he assured us, he saw a lonely little house surrounded with snow and



He was on his back in the snow, with a glimmer of light shining through the front window, while a man, jumpy in hand, and carrying over his back a bag of tools, was trying to force the front door. In a flash he recognized Mrs. Hardy's house—he seemed to hear the metallic grating of the jimmy as it wrenched at the lock and splintered the woodwork—and seeing the hand of Providence offering him a way straight to Daisy's heart, he dashed out just as he was and never stopped till he tripped into the snow heap.

As soon as he had extricated himself and recovered his breath a little he stealthily approached the house, bending low, as he softly pushed open the garden gate. There was the dim light glimmering out through the blinds of the front room and, yes, there, crouching by the door, jimmy in hand, was the figure of a man. Spurred on by love, Weston was no coward, and, unarmed as he was, he flung himself upon the burglar, grappling with him fiercely as he loudly called for help. Weston is a small man and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he was on his back in the snow with a pair of hands have strangled the life out of him had not the door been suddenly opened from within to disclose the trembling figure of Daisy clinging fearfully to the rival, while from the top of the stairs Mrs. Hardy in bedroom attire made night hideous with her yells.

I will draw a veil over the rest. Weston's antagonist was the local locksmith, called in hurriedly to repair the patent lock, which had stuck fast and prevented the door being properly shut. A bad headache had kept Mrs. Hardy from the concert, where she would not allow her daughter to go unchaperoned, and she had gone to bed early, leaving the young people to their own devices. What with the fright and the cold, Mrs. Hardy was ill in bed for a fortnight, and only got out in time to be present when Weston was convicted of assault and battery before the local magistrate, for whom the rival was acting as clerk that day.

Daisy was married in the spring, but I think what hit Weston hardest was that when we helped him home on that eventful night it was to find his back door in splinters and every room in the place ransacked.

Weston never mentions spiritualism now.—Gordon Meggy in Chicago Record-Herald.

Difference in Light Rays.

Leonard rays and cathode rays are regarded as moving electrons—that is, trains of minute negative electric charges flying with great velocity. Roentgen rays are trains of solitary waves of radiated energy emitted at the impact of flying electrons with stationary groups of electrons, i. e., solid matter.

A friend in need is a friend hard up.

THEIR MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

Irishmen Were Quick to See a "Good Thing."
A few years ago, owing to the serious depredations of ratcatchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice boards offering a reward of £5 for information, payable on conviction of the offender, relating London Tit-Bits. Not many days after the notice appeared an Irishman was caught and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting, altogether, to £2. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor, having been in the court on the previous day, recognized the "liberator" as the principal witness against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation. "Well," said Pat, "it's like this, sorr. Tim and myself were hard up, and, seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him and this morning I drew the money; and now you're paid, we've £3 left to start the world with, and, begorra, I hope the board'll stop a bit longer."

A LAWYER'S GOOD ADVICE.

Intending Litigants Would Do Well to Heed It.

One of the old practitioners at the Orceola (Mo.) bar tells this story of the good counsel which a lawyer in that town once gave a client:

Shortly after the firm of Nesbit & Ferguson hung out their shingle an old farmer called upon them in regard to a land suit. Some of the parties at issue were not residents of the state and it was necessary to notify them by publication. Ferguson took down a blank and began to fire questions at the farmer at a great rate, which the honest old fellow proceeded to answer after weighing carefully each word. The blank having been finished and put in a pigeon-hole, the client asked what it was.

"That is the advertisement commanding the non-residents to appear and defend the suit."

"And how much will that cost?"

"My friend," said Ferguson, calmly, looking the old man in the eye, "if you are going to figure on the cost you had better stay out of lawsuits."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

HOPE OF GETTING IT AGAIN.

Alice Roosevelt, as a Child, Had Strong Religious Convictions.

Miss Martha Havemeyer, the daughter of William F. Havemeyer, at one of her recent literary "at homes" talked of children.

"I heard the other day," she said, "a story about Miss Alice Roosevelt's childhood. The little girl was walking with her nurse on a spring morning through one of the city parks. Trotting up and down near her was an urchin with a balloon—one of those big and buoyant red balloons that children hold and look up at fondly. The child was so unfortunate as to let his balloon escape in a strong gust of wind. It soared up and into the blue sky. It disappeared from view. Its owner howled and screamed in his despair."

"Alice ran up to him. She patted him on the back. She said in a comforting tone:

"Never mind about your balloon, little boy. It has gone up to heaven, and when you die you will get it again."

Five Generations of One Family.

Mrs. Susan D. Crossman, mother of Elisha Crossman of Chicago, and a pioneer of Rock county, Wis., celebrated her 100th birthday at her home, five miles from Beloit, Wis., on Sunday, March 29. Five generations were represented by fifty persons in the family gathering assembled to celebrate the event. Mrs. Crossman was born in Cheshire, Mass. Her grandfather was Earl Clapp, a minute man and major in the revolutionary war. In 1848 Mrs. Crossman and her husband penetrated the wilderness to near the present site of Afton, Wis., and settled on government land. Of their seven children four are living. One, Mrs. Helen M. Chandler, was a missionary in Siam for thirty-nine years.—Chicago Tribune.

Music.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank:
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quivering to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.
—Shakespeare.

Senator Gorman's Compliment.

On one occasion while Senator Gorman was speechmaking in Maryland he met a lady who told him how disappointed she had been the week previous, when the crowd was so great that she could not get near enough to hear what he said.

"The truth is," complained the fair admirer, "I drove fourteen miles to hear you speak, but I was so completely wedged in by negroes I could not move a step."

"Madam," answered the senator with a gallant bow, "I am very sorry for your disappointment, but you must remember you are not the first jewel which has been set in jet."—New York Times.

SEE A DECLINE IN THE GREAT AMERICAN HABIT.

The bitter cry of the victims of the "tip nuisance" is loud in the land, but the recipients of tips have usually maintained a haughty silence. Now Mr. James S. Stemons, a colored waiter explains their point of view in the Independent.

Walters' wages have everywhere been reduced with the growth of tips, so that the tipper is merely making good the deficiencies of the employer. But of late there has also been a great decline in the volume of tips, so that the waiter, underpaid and confronted with the loss of his perquisite at the same time, is flattened between the two rolls of a wringer.

In a number of representative hotels and restaurants in different cities the tips received by colored waiters vary from nothing at one place in Cleveland to a dollar and a half a day in New York. At the best hotel in New Orleans they average seventy-five cents a day, in Louisville fifteen cents, and in Philadelphia from forty cents to a dollar. The usual range in the South is low.

In the North the tendency is for the best hotels and restaurants to employ white waiters. Where colored men are employed they get much lower wages.

As a rule colored waiters draw from \$18 to \$22 a month in wages, and they are lucky when they can get \$15 more in tips. In most restaurants the bulk of the business is compressed within two or three hours, and ten cents is the prevailing fee. "In fact, it is only the most aggressive waiter who manages to average so much as fifty cents a day in tips."

The recipient of this tip takes it as a matter of hard necessity—not because he likes to. The author of the article quoted worked for three years before he consented to accept one and then it was forced upon him. But the tip will stay until the patrons of hotels and restaurants induce proprietors to pay living wages. Such a movement, if Mr. Stemons may be credited, will have the enthusiastic support of the waiters, whose supposed exactions inspired the virtuous resolves of the Anti-Tipping League.

SAYING PRAYERS IN ADVANCE.

How Thoughtful Child Provided for Season's Enjoyment.

Julian Hawthorne sometimes tells an amusing story of the childhood of his daughter Hildegard.

"Once, when Hildegard was a little girl," he will begin, "she was elated over the fact that we were all going to spend the summer at the seashore. Particularly was she elated on the night before our departure. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were flushed, and she could do nothing but dance and clap her hands for joy."

After she had gone to her room I heard her chattering away like an insane person for a long time. I peeped in and saw her on her knees praying. Over and over again she repeated the same prayer.

"Hildegard," I said, "what on earth are you doing, child?"

"I am saying my prayers now for all summer," she answered, "so that I won't have to waste any time on them while we are away."—New York Tribune.

Bilkins and His Joke.

Forty years ago Bilkins, then a lad, saw it for the first time. It was in an old almanac which had been printed before he was born. The almanac credited it to a still older publication. Bilkins laughed when he saw it. To his immature mind it appeared funny. Then he took it unto himself for his own, and every year at the recurring season he has inflicted it upon his friends.

The other day while rain was falling, Bilkins, in a waterproof coat and under an umbrella, met Silkins dashing along unprotected from the elements. Bilkins seized the opportunity.

"Hello, Silkins!" he cried. "Where's your umbrella? Lent, I'll bet. Ha! ha!"

"No!" howled Silkins. "It's stolen, you doggasted idiot!" And he smote Bilkins full sore.

A policeman assailed Bilkins out of the gutter. While waiting for the ambulance the officer said:

"Let this be a warning to you. Remember, the man who jokes about an umbrella and Lent borrows trouble from people who are glad to let him have it."

True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.
Or bends with the remover to remove—
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken,
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of
doom—
If this be error, and upon me proved,<
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
—Shakespeare.

Theories and Facts.

That a theory accords with the facts does not necessarily prove it true. According to Poincaré, the eminent French mathematician, an infinite number of theories, only one of which is actually true, may be devised to account for any given state of facts.

Many Fraternities at Cornell.
Cornell has twenty-six fraternities.

When Father Pays the Bills

All Concerned Unite to Secure a Slice of the Old Man's Wealth When He Is Arranging for the Wedding Festivities of His Daughter.

"There are two men who in the midst of their troubles never get any sympathy and they are the man with the mumps and the prospective father-in-law," said a citizen of this city who is planning an Easter wedding for his daughter, to a writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. "I am planning the wedding of my only daughter and so am learning what every other father before me has learned, that the prospective father-in-law is the legitimate prey of the class of tradesmen who get rich out of the altruism of brides and the gullibility of papa. I refer to the caterer, the florist and the choirmaster."

"It is the duty of every prospective father-in-law to give his daughter a bangup wedding, but it is also his privilege to study economy at the same time. I first had a conference with the caterer who helped us out when it was our turn to entertain the Frisky Fossils' Thursday Evening Euchre club. I remembered he furnished us punch, sandwiches, ice cream, lady fingers, coffee and camp chairs for fifty people at the rate of 37 cents a head, not counting the charge for waiters. And I calculated he'd charge an old customer at the same rate per head for wedding victuals of the same sort. But, oh, no! This is a wedding! He couldn't think of serving a hundred people for less than \$200, and that would include champagne punch. I insisted that common, everyday punch was good enough, but the caterer succeeded in convincing me that only champagne

punch should be served at a wedding reception, and that wedding feed invariably includes chicken salad and croquettes a la something. So I gave in.

"Then I sought the florist. My daughter decided on daisy bouquets for the bridesmaids, a bouquet of lilies of the valley for herself and boutonnières of daisies for the ushers. I figured on 25 cents for the boutonnières, \$5 for the lilies of the valley and \$2 each for the bunch of daisies and thus fortified I went to the florist. In this item I had to raise the ante about 100 per cent. I got the boutonnières for 50 cents, the daisy bouquets for \$5 and the lilies of the valley for \$10 and for this price I got a 'cascade' bunch, which, I was informed, was a great concession for which I ought to be thankful.

"But I got my real eye-opener when I went to get the choirboys to sing. Now, I thought the boys would be glad to come around to the house and have a good time and sing 'Faithful and True' and 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden' for 50 cents each. But I forgot again that a wedding changes the aspect of all things. The boys will sing Lohengrin and the anthem at \$5 a head.

"Thus have my eyes been opened and my legs been pulled, but I am rejoicing. My girl will have as pretty a house wedding as has ever been given above 72d street."

"Well, then, don't kick when the lively stable keeper tacks on \$10 to your contract bill for 'caviare hire,' added a sympathetic listener.

On the Management of Men

"Old Gorgon Graham" Writes on the Subject to His Son Pierrepont—Some Pointers as to the Successful Conduct of an Up-to-Date Business.

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously bestowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility of temper and cup-papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find out that you've hired the wrong man, you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a center of soreness. There are no exceptions to this rule, because there are no exceptions to human nature.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that it isn't always convenient to meet, but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings remember that to-day is your opportunity; to-morrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but if he's gazing, at

the clouds, he's missing a heap of interesting and important doings down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office, and tuck it away in the safe.

It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will readily see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men, you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day, so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders; and insist on their sending you a line every day, whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write in six times a week to the house, he uses up his explanations mighty fast, and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very, very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Where People Talk Too Much

Restaurant Waster Tells of Bad Habit of Many People Who Dine in Public Places—Exceptional Case of Gratified Curiosity in Point.

"When I marry a rich man and take to eating in restaurants myself instead of waiting on other people who eat there, I don't intend to talk about anything but the weather, and I shall discuss that with a great deal of caution," said Waitress No. 19. "I shall be thus guarded in my remarks, because I think it had form to give my family affairs away before folks the way most people do when dining and lurching away from home."

"I remember, for instance, the case of the man and woman who couldn't agree to get married on account of their relatives. They sat here for two solid hours talking it over. He had three children, which she didn't want to be bothered with, and she had a mother that he didn't want hanging around. Much as they seemed to care for each other, neither would agree to break family ties, yet neither would accept the other's in-laws. The argument waxed pretty hot at times, and they went away still in fighting mood.

"Several months after that the woman came in one day alone. She sat at my table. I was devoured with curiosity, and finally, as the risk of losing my place, I spoke to her.

"It has been a long while since you were here," I said.

"She was surprised, but she did not get angry.

"Yes," she said, "it has been a long while. I am surprised that you remember me."

"Oh, I could never forget you," I said. "You were here with a gentleman, and you sat here talking about his children and your mother."

"That was an awfully nervous thing to do, but still she didn't get mad."

"Yes," she said; "I remember that day."

"She stopped as if that ended it, but she proved to be a true lady with curiosity of her own. That made her sympathetic, and enabled her to appreciate how I suffered under the circumstances, so presently she added: We finally fixed it up all right. We rented an extra house across the street and set mother to housekeeping over there to take care of his children. The plan has worked beautifully, and I don't see why all couples with irreconcilable relations do not solve the problem that way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

War Has Doubled Values.

Striking an average of the whole Orange river colony land values have doubled since the war.

Cotton and Wood.

Cotton has the same composition as wood.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Fair

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 59 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1906

NUMBER 269

\$30,000 STOCK Of Goods For Sale!

Beginning Thursday, January 17, and continuing for 30 days, we will sell our entire stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing and groceries at actual wholesale cost. Everything goes in this sale except wagons and farm implements. A large assortment of buggies is included in this cost sale. We have over-bought for the season and want to reduce our \$30,000 in the next 30 days to \$15,000. If you are "from Missouri" we can "show you" we are doing what we claim. This sale will be for spot cash--nothing will be charged--as we need the money more than we need the goods. President Roosevelt could not buy on credit from us during this sale. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

This is Your Opportunity

The Big Store
Reed & Harrison

REPUBLICANS MEET TO CONSOLE ONE ANOTHER

Checotah, I. T., Jan. 30.—The Republican Executive Committee of Indian Territory, will meet in this city today. Checotah was full of prominent republicans last night. Hon. N. G. Turk, resident member of the committee, tendered the visitors a banquet at the hotel Gentry last night which was attended by a hundred of the party.

The program: Toastmaster, Clarence Douglas; address of welcome, N. G. Turk; response, Judge Ralls; "Our Meeting," Judge Harris; "How to wake the State Republican," C. M. Campbell; "Harmony," O. O. Wells; "To the Victors Belong the Spoils," C. A. Davidson; "Congeniality," W. L. Williams; "All Good Fellows," G. S. Vic-

tor; "Old Glory," Hon. G. A. Murphy; "McKinley Day," J. Carl Cook; "The Leaders," C. W. Raymond.

The meeting will continue tonight and dispose of all pending business.

Carrie Wants Damages.
Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 30.—Mrs. Nation, the temperance reform worker, yesterday brought suit in the district court here against the Daily Leader Printing Co. for \$10,000 damage libel because of a publication to the effect that Mrs. Nation has sold to a liquor company a building in which was printed The Hatchet, of which Mrs. Nation is editor. She denies that she owned the building and claims her character was damaged by the printed article.

BANK AT TALIHINA TOUCHED FOR \$2000

Talihina, I. T., Jan. 20.—The First National Bank at this place was burglarized at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The safe was blown and the contents taken except about \$700, which was evidently overlooked. About \$2,000 was secured.

The robbers shot twice at a man who was attempting to give the alarm and drove him into the house. The building and fixtures

were considerably damaged. The crackmen secured a crowbar and other tools from the railway shops, and also piled a quantity of baled hay about the building.

There is practically no clew to the robbers, though Deputy Marshal J. E. Emmert and posse are now making a determined effort to trace them.

The bank was insured.

WILL BECOME AT ONCE CITY OF SECOND CLASS

Council met in called session on Monday night. The Mayor and a quorum of the other officers present.

As the most important, the business connected with the city cemetery was taken up and discussed. Mr. McDaniels, being present, advanced several very important ideas in connection with same. After some discussion, it was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason that a committee be appointed to employ a sexton, arrange salary, and all other matters in connection with same. Motion carried.

The Mayor also appointed Mr. Mason to employ a surveyor to do the necessary work as reasonable as possible.

It was moved by Mason, sec-

onded by Collins, that the city attorney be instructed to go at once to Chickasha, and meet Judge Dickerson and take the necessary steps to have Ada raised to a city of the second class.

By motion and seconded, it was resolved to reduce the day police to one man, as there did not appear to be sufficient work at present for two. Motion carried.

It was moved by Harrison, seconded by Mason, that the city attorney be allowed \$50.00 for services rendered in the additions to the city, and also several important cases attended to by him. Motion carried.

No further business, the council adjourned until next regular meeting.

MADE HASTE TO DODGE THE STATEHOOD BOOMERS

Washington, Jan. 30.—The statehood bill was reported to the Senate last afternoon substantially as it came from the House. The democrats of the committee gave notice that they would present a minority report.

The action of the committee was somewhat abrupt, but this was due to the inclination of the committee not to grant any more hearings.

Several statehood boomers arrived from Oklahoma this morning, and it was reported that a number were enroute from Arizona and New Mexico. The action of the committee in reporting the bill somewhat precipitate was due to a desire to spare it-

self the ordeal of hearing these enthusiastic but useless boomers.

Perhaps the most important change made in the bill is that by which the number of court towns is reduced to two. The towns which lose are Lawton, in the present territory of Oklahoma, and Vinita, in Indian Territory.

As yet nothing can be said as to when the bill will be taken up in the senate, but the general opinion is that its advocates will have need of much patience. Private conferences are being held daily among the opponents of the measure and the time of its consideration will depend largely on the result of these.

PORTER GETS THE PLUM IN SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Washington, Jan. 30.—The President yesterday sent to the Senate the nomination of Grosvenor A. Porter, of Muskogee, I. T., for U. S. Marshal of the Southern District of Indian Territory. Thus is ended the long suspense and numerous speculations concerning the appointment for that office. Porter is a cousin of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Also it was given out at the White House that the President would appoint his picturesque friend, John Abernathy, marshal for the District of Oklahoma.

Wrecked By Explosion.

Tulsa, I. T., Jan. 29.—The nitroglycerin factory of the Shooters' Torpedo Company, five miles south of this city on the Arkansas river, blew up late last afternoon. Two employees who were at work in the agitator noticing that the oil and chemicals were not mixing right and threatening an explosion, fled from the building and escaped with their lives. The total loss is about three thousand dollars.

Subscribe for The News.

DENMARK'S AGED KING SUDDENLY PASSES AWAY

Copenhagen, Jan. 29.—Christian the Ninth, the aged king of Denmark, head of the crowned heads of Europe, father of King George of Greece, of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dowager empress Mara Feodorovna of Russia, grandfather of King Haakon the Seventh, of Norway and related by blood or by marriage to most of the European rulers, died with startling

suddeness at his palace this afternoon. The accession of his successor, Prince Frederick, his eldest son, who will be known as Frederick the Eighth, will be proclaimed tomorrow.

Baxley-Bratton.

Sunday at 9 a. m. in the office of Crawford and Bolen, Mr. Clyde Baxley and Miss Amy Bratton, both of Sasakwa, were joined in wedlock by Rev. John A. Williams.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$8.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS ---AND--- POOL

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs.

PAUL W. ALLEN,
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.
Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.
Allen Livery Barn
South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop. Ada, I. T.
(Over Freeman's Store)

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.
Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the
CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.
The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments.
Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President. JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 20,900.00
Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER . . . PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The local camp of Confederate Veterans are contemplating holding, in the near future, a special service in memory of the late General Joseph Wheeler. This would be an eminently proper honor to the memory of the great hero of two wars, of the old warhorse who ever hungered for an opportunity to fight for his country.

And in this memorial service the Veterans of the Gray should be joined by the Veterans of the Blue, by the Sons and Daughters, and by the Veterans of the Spanish-American War. For in the General's illustrious example there is a priceless heritage for all.

The Caban Senate has done the nice thing by passing unanimously an appropriation of \$25,000 to buy Miss Roosevelt a wedding present.

Our neighboring town of Roff has her waterworks enterprise going in earnest. A bond buyer purchased the 530 bonds at 102, and without looking, too. Roff is still unquestionably above par.

There springs from our little neighbor, Crystal Springs, or Byrd's Mill, or Franks Postoffice, a mighty rumor of discovered gold. But Ada's golden opportunities are yet to be preferred to all such fabulous wealth.

South McAlester or Ohio—furnishes an attorney, Muskogee a marshal, for the Southern district. Wonder where the deputies will come from. It is possible, of course, that personal investigation may induce those who have the appointment of deputies to find a few honest republicans in this district.—Purcell Register.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," etc.

The Bad Boy Peck the Menagerie Scotch Snuff—Pa Gets Mauled by the Sneezing Animals—Pa Takes a Midnight Ride on a Title to Escape Punishment

Well, I suppose I never saw a lion, and it would not surprise me to find a lion fed to wind animals. The manager of the show was taking to Pa. I had before we left New York. The lion was all balled up on a pile of straw, with people who pretended to be injured when the lion was a lionkeeper, and the lion's mane performers are kicking, because we are a mouth behind on salaries, and they get drunk whenever any lay will buy for them. Every body gives passes to everybody that wants to get in the show, so the box office man has a sure one and people chase us from town to town for money for board, and hay, and everything.

All through New Jersey we showed to claim agents and lawyers, and didn't take in money enough to buy meat for the animals. He said the animals had all taken cold, and lay around dormant, and didn't take any interest in the business, and the manager told Pa he must think of something to wake the animals up. Pa said he would leave it to me to wake 'em up, and get some ginger into them. I told Pa if I had five dollars to spend I could make every animal jump like a box car. Pa gave me the money, and I went and bought five pounds of Scotch snuff, and divided it up into ounce packages, and started during the afternoon performance at Wilmington, Del., to wake up the animals.

There is something peculiar about animals, if you try to give them anything that they think you want them to take, you can't drive it down them with a pile driver, but if you try to hide something where they can reach it, they watch you out of one eye, and when you go away they look at you as much as to say: "O, you think you are smart, don't you?" Then they will go and dig it up and play with it, and eat it if they want to.

I took my first package of snuff to the lion's cage, and he was the sickest and most disgusted looking lion you ever saw, acting like a man who has taken a severe cold, and wants to kill anybody that looks at him. The lion lay on the straw, stretched out full length, paying no attention to the crowd that passed his cage, and acting as though he wanted a hot whisky and his feet soaked in mustard water. When he was not looking I hid the package of snuff under the straw, and rattled the straw a little, and he opened his eyes and looked at me as much as to say: "You can't fool old Shadrack, for I am on to you." I walked away behind the hyena cage, and Mr. Lion got up and stretched himself, and walked to the place where I put the package of snuff, put his foot on it and broke the paper, and then he put his nose down and sniffed a snuff that drew the whole of the snuff up into his nose and lungs, and insides generally.

Gee, but you never saw such a change in a lion. The crowd of visitors were right near his cage, when he sniffed, and when he got the snuff into him, he began to heave his sides like a man who is preparing to sneeze, caught his breath a few times, and let out a sneeze that sounded like the explosion of an automobile tire. It threw out feed all over the audience, and everybody ran away yelling that the lion had busted.

He kept on sneezing and looking so astounded, as though he couldn't make out what had got into him. Pa heard the commotion and came running up to the cage to find out what ailed the lion. After I had gone around to the other cages and put snuff in all of them, I came up to the lion's cage. The lion had stopped sneezing and was roaring and jumping up and down, with his mouth open, trying to catch his breath, like a man who has taken too big a dose of fresh horse-radish.

Pa said: "What you been doing to Shadrack?"

I told Pa I had woke Shadrack up, and that in about a minute he would find that the whole animal kingdom had got a bellyful, and I would join in the chorus.

Pa tried to soothe the lion by going up to the cage and speaking his name, but the lion looked cross-eyed and stopped prancing and gave a roar that hit Pa, which blew Pa down as far as the cage to where the incinerator had just got horsed. When the stuff began to work on that cow it was simply scandalous, 'cause she bellowed and cried and sneezed all at once, and pawed Pa. He got up and told me I was overdoing this waking up act on the animals.

By that time the cage of hyenas began to sneeze a quartette, and fight each other, and the atmosphere about their cage was full of hair and language that would be much like cussing if it could be translated into English. Pa tried to quiet the crowd and silence the hyenas by taking an iron bar and mauling them, but the hyenas just backed up against the rear of the cage and howled and sneezed at Pa, and dared him to come on.

One of them caught him by the shirt sleeve and tore Pa's shirt off and cut it. Pa was a sight, with no shirt on, and he ought to have gone to the dressing room and slicked, but just then the camels and the giraffes, who had inhaled their snuff, began to sneeze and beg to be killed, and Pa had to go over there and quiet them. A camel is the solemnest looking beast on earth when he tries to be good natured, but when he is sick and mad, and full of snuff, he is a fiend. One such camel is enough for a man to handle, but when 14 camels are all sneezing at once, and trying to locate the person that is responsible for their trouble, it is the safest to keep away, and when Pa went in amongst them, with no shirt on, and the Arab keepers had run away in fright, it was a dangerous thing to do.

But Pa is brave even to rashness. He went up to Mahomet, the double-humped leader of the herd, who was the leader of the sneezers, and kicked him in the slats and told him to hush up his noise. He clubbed him on the humps with a tent stake. Then there was a rebellion in Egypt, and Mahomet bit Pa, and wouldn't let go, and the other camels sneezed all over Pa, and had him down, walking on him with their padded feet. The circus hands had to pull Pa out, and it wasn't so bad, because the crowd remained and they thought it was a part of the show, and that the animals were trained to sneeze that way.

The worst case was the hippopotamus. He was so big, and had such big nostrils, that I hid about half a pound of snuff on the side of his tank, and when he snuffed it up his nose he got it all. I heard a howl from the tank and I knew the hippo was getting ready to sneeze,

and I told Pa to come on, 'cause Vessious was going to erupt.

Pa came on the run, just as he was, and then the worst happened. I think the hippo went under water when he found the sneeze was coming, for just as Pa got to the tank the water flew into the air like a torpedo had exploded under a battleship, and the hippo had sneezed all right, and Pa and the audience which had followed him were drenched and defeated by the explosion. The hippo had blown the water all out of his tank, and he lay at the bottom, on his side, sneezing little sneezes not louder than the report of a six-pound cannon, and panting for breath. Then he raised his head, got up on his feet, and opened his mouth like a gash cut in a steer by a cow catcher of an engine, and he yawned, and I guess he got the lockjaw, 'cause he kept his mouth open all the afternoon, to get the air, like a soprano singer in a choir, who has been fed a cayenne pepper lozenger by the tenor, just before she gets up to sing: "A Change to Keep, I Have."

We went around and inspected the sneezing animals, with the manager, and he complimented me by saying I had saved the show from becoming an aggregation of snuffed animals, only fit for a taxidermist studio, and made every animal show that he had ginger in him. He wanted me to try my snuff cure on the performers and freaks, 'cause they were getting to be dead ones.

Well, before the day was over at Wilmington, Del., Pa was scared worse than he ever was in all his life before. The state of Delaware is the only state that punishes criminals by tying them up and whipping them on the bare back with a cut-o-nine tails, and all our men had been warned to be good while they were in Delaware, 'cause if they committed any crime there was no power on earth that could save them from being publicly horsewhipped. Pa himself impressed it on the men to look out that they didn't get into any trouble. Gee, but the fear of a public whipping makes men good.

Twenty years ago some hold-up men from New York robbed a bank in Delaware, and were caught, and given 30 lashes apiece on the bare back, by a big negro, and there has never been a burglary in Delaware since. We thought we would play a joke on Pa, so the manager told Pa that constables were looking for him to arrest him for cruelty to animals, for kicking a camel in the stomach, and hitting the camel with an iron bar, and that if Pa didn't want to be publicly horsewhipped on the bare back he better skip out for Washington, D. C., where we would show in a couple of days, and wait for us.

Pa was so frightened he couldn't get supper, and everybody talked about cats of nine tails, and how prisoners were cut to pieces, and every time Pa saw a Jay with a slouch hat he thought it was a constable after him. After dark he put on an old suit of clothes and said he was going to Washington. They told him if he went to take a train he would surely be arrested at the depot, so Pa put a saddle on one of the mules, and rode out of town and rode all night, and all the next day he bought oats of farmers to be delivered at Wilmington for the circus. Finally he got out of Delaware, and the next day the farmers came in with the oats, but the show was gone, and they won't do a thing to Pa if he ever shows up in Delaware again.

Pa met us at the depot in Washington, but he was ever so changed from his long ride and anxiety over the possibility of being arrested and pilloried, and lambasted by a negro in Delaware. He said to me, with a trembling voice: "Hemmy, this here show business is too much for your Pa. I would rather be a Mormon, in Utah, with 40 wives, and several hundred children, and long whiskers. I am a changed man, Henry, and afraid of my shadow."

WASH IN RUNNING WATER.

Public Drinking Places in Buenos Ayres Must Cleanse Glasses That Way.

"They do some things better in Buenos Ayres than we do in this country," said a former Milwaukee man, who has spent many years in Argentina.

"It may be considered a small matter by some, and yet one bronchial regulation down there always struck me as eminently sound—a regulation providing that all glasses used in bars, saloons, and public drinking places shall be washed in running water. The idea is that by cleansing them in water that is used over and over there is a good chance for the transmission of disease. Inspectors are always on their rounds seeing that the law is observed, and woe to the man who is found derelict in its observance. Buenos Ayres, by the way, is kept as clean as any city in the United States, and is one of the most progressive towns in the world."

"When a man dies down there it does not matter whether he made a will disposing of his property or not. The law of the country comes into play, and divides all his possessions equally among his heirs. Not one of them can be disinherited. One good effect of this is to do away with big landed estates. Many of these, though, are still of enormous size, and farms of 6,000 acres are the rule, rather than the exception."

Up-to-Date Monks.

The monks of the St. Bernard hospice in Switzerland are bound to be up to date. They have purchased an automobile to carry provisions up the mountain. In order not to frighten teams they had a horse hitched to the motor wagon. The government's permission had to be obtained, because of the bridges, some of which were not intended for such heavy loads.

Not His First Love.

"I understand he married his first love." "Say, how can a fellow marry himself?"—Judge.

INVASION OF SEA GULLS.

The Immense Flock That Regularly Takes Refuge in New York Harbor.

"See the sea gulls screaming soar," said an alliterative passenger on a Staten Island ferryboat, according to the New York Press, one dark and threatening morning as the boat approached the New York slip.

"There's a storm outside," he continued, "and by the number of gulls which have come in out of the wet I should say it was a corker."

Over the irregular basin formed by Governor's Island, the Brooklyn and the Manhattan shores, hundreds of gulls were flying—now in straight lines, now in sweeping circles, now swooping down to the surface of the water, to rise again with flutter of wings and a flinging of spray. Over the funnels of the tugs, steamers and ferryboats which always crowd the waterway they flew, darting down between the gliding hulls and calling to each other now and then with harsh cries. There were gray gulls and white ones, big ones and little ones and the misty air palpitated with the rush and beat of their wings. They seemed as much at home and as devoid of fear as if they had been flying along some lonely Jersey beach or circling over the lonely headland of Montauk. The screech of a steam whistle close to the wings of a shooting bird did not seem to startle him in the least and as to the roar of the millions of the great city which sounded around them—perhaps it sounded to them like the roar of the ocean and made them feel at home.

"Always, when a storm comes up outside," said the Staten Islander, "the gulls come in here in advance of it. The storm from which these gulls are now seeking shelter may be miles off the coast, but they have seen or smelled the vanguard of it and like good and cautious mariners have put for the port. They may have traveled hundreds of miles since daybreak to get here and the storm from which they flee may pass off to the eastward and not strike the city. But when you see the gulls you can bet there is something doing on the great Atlantic."

"This is a larger flock than one generally sees here, but I will wager that most, if not all, of them have been here before. These flocks of gulls form each little communities, as you know if you have ever dined along the seashore. Each flock is one big family and, as they have their own nesting place along the shore, so they have their own coves and bays where they seek shelter from the storms. The reason the flock seen between Governor's Island and the Battery varies in size from time to time is that, unless the storm is very severe, the tough old birds stay out and send in the younger and milder ones. Of all the unnumbered flocks of sea gulls that screech along the shores of the seven seas, I doubt if any has such a unique harbor of refuge as the one which, when the storms lash the Atlantic into rage, seeks haven within a mile of the geographical center of Greater New York, where the towering cranes of the skyscrapers protect them from the fury of the northeast wind."

They Suddenly Air.

Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the way-looking man. "What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.

"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

"Well?" queried the family friend.

"Only last week," continued the other, "she tried to get me to insure my life for \$25,000 in her favor"—Kansas City Independent.

Auto Gun.

Mr. Bogwaller—Yep, that's my machine gun.

Visitor—Machine gun? Why, it looks to me like an old muzzle-loading musket.

"Well, so 'tis. It's what I shoot at the automobile fellers with."—Chicago Daily News.



TIME OF TRAINS, ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN

St. Louis, Hannibal, Kansas City, Junction City, Oklahoma City, in the North, and all points beyond.

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No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.

No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.

No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2:10 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906. I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

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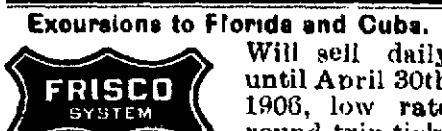
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stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals. Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information. I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T. F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita Kansas.



TIME CARD.

Ada, Ind. Ter.

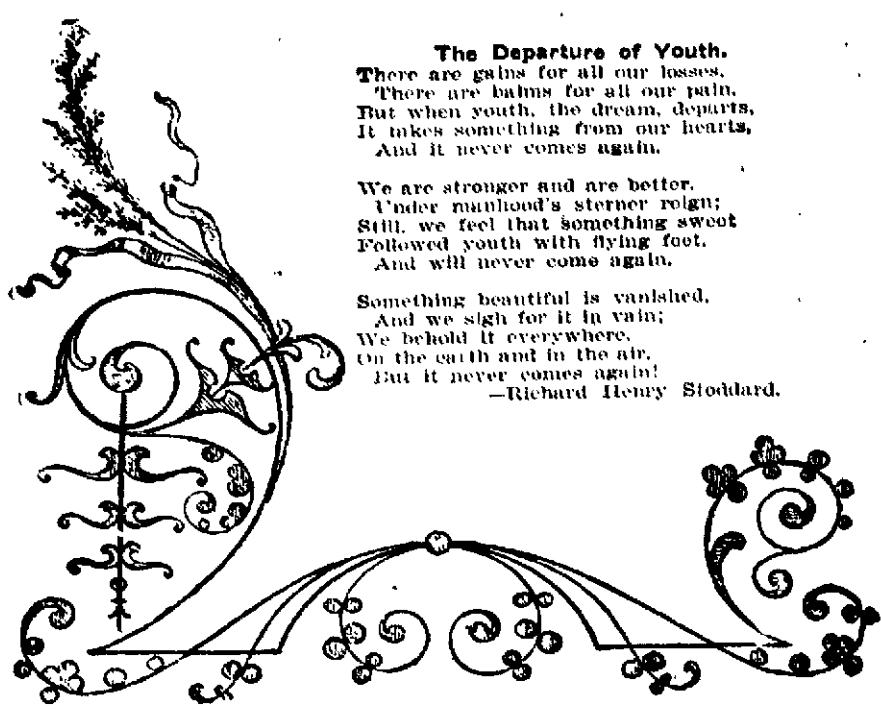
EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 500 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets. I. McNair, Agent.



The Departure of Youth.
There are gains for all our losses.
There are gains for all our losses.
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better.
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished.
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

His Second Sight

When we are particularly anxious to annoy Weston at the club we have only to start a discussion on spiritualism. Sometimes if one of the junior members has to be punished for cheek we tell him tall spiritualistic yarns and advise him to go to Weston for their verification. This has much the same effect as sending a boy to a saddler to buy strap oil.

Not so many years back Weston was an enthusiastic spiritualist himself, attending seances and even writing letters to the local press on the subject. But he was cured somewhat rudely and in a manner likely to make a lasting impression on any man.

You see it was this way: About five years ago, when Weston was at the height of his spiritualistic zeal, a widow with a very pretty daughter, reported to be worth a small fortune of \$5,000 a year took a house on the outskirts of the town. Weston told her over cups in days with Daisy, though, greatly to his chagrin, she seemed to prefer the attentions of a young chap in the office of a firm of solicitors who held the office of clerk to the magistrates. Weston was continually at Miss Daisy about spiritualism and tried to get her mother to bring her to some of his previous seances. But she refused to have anything to do with them, and I believe it was this silly fad of his which put her off Weston. Any sane, sensible man, seeing how the ground lay, would have dropped spiritualism and gone in for a little reality—Daisy was worth dropping something for, I can tell you—but where spirits were concerned Weston was just mad, and it only made him more determined to prove to her that his theories about second sight and so on were correct.

I remember that winter well. It froze for three weeks on end. Weston used to take Daisy out sitting on some flooded meadows near the station, and things seemed to be coming to a head. He wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve and was ready to lick her shoes for love, but the other chap, who just at this time came out of his articles and got a partnership in the firm, was making the running pretty hot. There had been a lot of men thrown out of work by the cold weather and some truly stories were afloat about burglars, footpads and the like. Mrs. Hardy's little house, away out by itself, seemed a sure mark for gentlemen of this sort, and Weston was never tired of warning her to keep the windows bolted, and even induced her to have a special new lock put on the front door.

After the frost we had snow, a fortnight of it, and the whole town got pretty well snowed up. Weston did not seem himself about this time. I remember we remarked upon it at the club. Perhaps his second sight told him some crisis was at hand. Any way, it came. It was one Wednesday night. There was a concert in the town hall which some of us went to, but the place was so full of draughts that we were glad to get by the fire in the club smoking-room at half-time. Maybe we had sat there for ten minutes when we heard someone come running down the road like a madman. We all jumped up and went to the window just in time to

see him dashed out just as he was. Weston, without an overcoat, and with no hat on, tearing along like a motor car and making far more noise. We guessed something was up, and three of us put on our coats and followed. It was easy to see his footprints in the newly-fallen snow; there were still a few stray flakes in the



air. They made straight for the Hardys, and we turned the last corner just in time to see Weston extricating himself from a large snow heap, so we waited in the shadow of the wall. But, perhaps, I had better tell the rest of the story as Weston recounted it to us afterward.

It appears that he was sitting at home cursing the weather, the cold, and the concert, whither Mrs. Hardy and Daisy had been conducted by the rival, when as he dozed in his chair he had a vision. Quite distinctly, he assured us, he saw a lonely little house surrounded with snow and

He was on his back in the snow, with a glimmer of light shining through the front window, while a man, jummy in hand, and carrying over his back a bag of tools, was trying to force the front door. In a flash he recognized Mrs. Hardy's house—he seemed to hear the metallic grating of the jimmy as it wrenched at the lock and splintered the woodwork—and seeing the hand of Providence offering him a way straight to Daisy's heart, he dashed out just as he was and never stopped till he tripped into the snow heap.

As soon as he had extricated himself and recovered his breath a little he stealthily approached the house, bending low, as he softly pushed open the garden gate. There was the dim light glimmering out through the blinds of the front room and, yes, there, crouching by the door, jimmy in hand, was the figure of a man. Spurred on by love, Weston was no coward, and, uncoated, unarmed as he was, he flung himself upon the burglar, grappling with him fiercely as he loudly called for help. Weston is a small man and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he was on his back in the snow with a pair of hands have strangled the life out of him had not the door been suddenly opened from within to disclose the trembling figure of Daisy clinging fearfully to the rival, while from the top of the stairs Mrs. Hardy in bedroom attire made night hideous with her yells.

I will draw a veil over the rest. Weston's antagonist was the local locksmith, called in hurriedly to repair the patent lock, which had stuck fast and prevented the door being properly shut. A bad headache had kept Mrs. Hardy from the concert, where she would not allow her daughter to go unchaperoned, and she had gone to bed early, leaving the young people to their own devices. What with the fright and the cold, Mrs. Hardy was ill in bed for a fortnight, and only got out in time to be present when Weston was convicted of assault and battery before the local magistrate, for whom the rival was acting as clerk that day.

Daisy was married in the spring, but I think what hit Weston hardest was that when we helped him home on that eventful night it was to find his back door in splinters and every room in the place ransacked.

Weston never mentions spiritualism now.—Gordon Meggy in Chicago Record-Herald.

THEIR MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

Irishmen Were Quick to See a "Good Thing."
A few years ago, owing to the serious depredations of ratcatchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice boards offering a reward of £5 for information, payable on conviction of the offender, relates London Tit-Bits. Not many days after the notice appeared an Irishman was caught and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting, altogether, to £2. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor, having been in the court on the previous day, recognized the "liberator" as the principal witness against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation. "Well," said Pat, "it's like this, sorr, Tim and myself were hard up, and, seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him and this morning I drew the money; and now you're paid, we've £3 left to start the world with, and, begorra, I hope the board'll stop a bit longer."

A LAWYER'S GOOD ADVICE.

Intending Litigants Would Do Well to Heed It.

One of the old practitioners at the Osceola (Mo.) bar tells this story of the good counsel which a lawyer in that town once gave a client:

Shortly after the firm of Nesbit & Ferguson hung out their shingle an old farmer called upon them in regard to a land suit. Some of the parties at issue were not residents of the state and it was necessary to notify them by publication. Ferguson took down a blank and began to fire questions at the farmer at a great rate, which the honest old fellow proceeded to answer after weighing carefully each word. The blank having been finished and put in a pigeon-hole, the client asked what it was.

"That is the advertisement commanding the non-residents to appear and defend the suit."

"And how much will that cost?"

"My friend," said Ferguson, calmly, looking the old man in the eye, "if you are going to figure on the cost you had better stay out of lawsuits."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

HOPE OF GETTING IT AGAIN.

Alice Roosevelt, as a Child, Had Strong Religious Convictions.
Miss Martha Havemeyer, the daughter of William F. Havemeyer, at one of her recent literary "at homes" talked of children.

"I heard the other day," she said, "a story about Miss Alice Roosevelt's childhood. The little girl was walking with her nurse on a spring morning through one of the city parks. Trotting up and down near her was an urchin with a balloon—one of those big and buoyant red balloons that children hold and look up at fondly. The child was so unfortunate as to let his balloon escape in a strong gust of wind. It soared up and into the blue sky. It disappeared from view. Its owner howled and screamed in his despair.

"Alice ran up to him. She patted him on the back. She said in a comforting tone:

"Never mind about your balloon, little boy. It has gone up to heaven, and when you die you will get it again."

Five Generations of One Family.
Mrs. Susan D. Crossman, mother of Ellisha Crossman of Chicago, and a pioneer of Rock county, Wis., celebrated her 100th birthday at her home, five miles from Beloit, Wis., on Sunday, March 29. Five generations were represented by fifty persons in the family gathering assembled to celebrate the event. Mrs. Crossman was born in Cheshire, Mass. Her grandfather was Earl Clapp, a minute man and major in the revolutionary war. In 1848 Mrs. Crossman and her husband penetrated the wilderness to near the present site of Afton, Wis., and settled on government land. Of their seven children four are living. One, Mrs. Helen M. Chandler, was a missionary in Siam for thirty-nine years.—Chicago Tribune.

Music.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick imbed with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.
—Shakespeare.

Senator Gorman's Compliment.
On one occasion while Senator Gorman was speechmaking in Maryland he met a lady who told him how disappointed she had been the week previous, when the crowd was so great that she could not get near enough to hear what he said.

"The truth is," complained the fair admirer, "I drove fourteen miles to hear you speak, but I was so completely wedged in by negroes I could not move a step."

"Madam," answered the senator with a gallant bow, "I am very sorry for your disappointment, but you must remember you are not the first jewel which has been set in jet."—New York Times.

A TIPTAKER'S VIEW.

See a Decline in the Great American Habit.
The bitter cry of the victims of the "tip nuisance" is loud in the land, but the recipients of tips have usually maintained a haughty silence. Now Mr. James S. Stemons, a colored waiter explains their point of view in the Independent.

Waiters' wages have everywhere been reduced with the growth of tips, so that the tipper is merely making good the deficiencies of the employer. But of late there has also been a great decline in the volume of tips, so that the waiter, underpaid and confronted with the loss of his perquisite at the same time, is flattened between the two rolls of a wringer.

In a number of representative hotels and restaurants in different cities the tips received by colored waiters vary from nothing at one place in Cleveland to a dollar and a half a day in New York. At the best hotel in New Orleans they average seventy-five cents a day, in Louisville fifteen cents, and in Philadelphia from forty cents to a dollar. The usual range in the South is low.

In the North the tendency is for the best hotels and restaurants to employ white waiters. Where colored men are employed they get much lower wages.

As a rule colored waiters draw from \$18 to \$22 a month in wages, and they are lucky when they can get \$15 more in tips. In most restaurants the bulk of the business is compressed within two or three hours, and ten cents is the prevailing fee. "In fact, it is only the most aggressive waiter who manages to average so much as fifty cents a day in tips."

The recipient of this tip takes it as a matter of hard necessity—not because he likes to. The author of the article quoted worked for three years before he consented to accept one and then it was forced upon him. But the tip will stay until the patrons of hotels and restaurants induce proprietors to pay living wages. Such a movement, if Mr. Stemons may be credited, will have the enthusiastic support of the waiters, whose supposed exactions inspired the virtuous resolves of the Anti-Tipping league.

SAYING PRAYERS IN ADVANCE.

How Thoughtful Child Provided for Season's Enjoyment.
Julian Hawthorne sometimes tells an amusing story of the childhood of his daughter Hildegard.

"Once, when Hildegard was a little girl," he will begin, "she was elated over the fact that we were all going to spend the summer at the seashore. Particularly was she elated on the night before our departure. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were flushed, and she could do nothing but dance and clap her hands for joy.

After she had gone to her room I heard her chattering away like an insane person for a long time. I peeped in and saw her on her knees praying. Over and over again she repeated the same prayer.

"Hildegard," I said, "what on earth are you doing, child?"

"I am saying my prayers now for all summer," she answered, "so that I won't have to waste any time on them while we are away."—New York Tribune.

Bilkins and His Joke.
Forty years ago Bilkins, then a lad, saw it for the first time. It was in an old almshouse which had been printed before he was born. The almshouse credited it to a still older publication. Bilkins laughed when he saw it. To his immature mind it appeared funny. Then he took it unto himself for his own, and every year at the recurring season he has inflicted it upon his friends.

The other day while rain was falling, Bilkins, in a waterproof coat and under an umbrella, met Bilkins dashing along unprotected from the elements. Bilkins seized the opportunity.

"Hello, Bilkins!" he cried. "Where's your umbrella? Lent, I'll bet. Ha! ha!"

"No!" howled Bilkins. "It's stolen, you doggedest idiot!" And he smote Bilkins full sore.

A policeman assisted Bilkins out of the gutter. While waiting for the ambulance the officer said:

"Let this be a warning to you. Remember, the man who jokes about an umbrella and Lent borrows trouble from people who are glad to let him have it."

True Love.
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth even unknown, although his
light be taken,
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
days,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,<
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
—Shakespeare.

Theories and Facts.
That a theory accords with the facts does not necessarily prove it true. According to Poincare, the eminent French mathematician, an infinite number of theories, only one of which is actually true, may be devised to account for any given state of facts.

Many Fraternities at Cornell.
Cornell has twenty-six fraternities.

When Father Pays the Bills

All Concerned Unite to Secure a Slice of the Old Man's Wealth When He Is Arranging for the Wedding Festivities of His Daughter.

"There are two men who in the midst of their troubles never get any sympathy and they are the man with the mumps and the prospective father-in-law," said a citizen of this city who is planning an Easter wedding for his daughter, to a writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. "I am planning the wedding of my only daughter and so am learning what every other father before me has learned, that the prospective father-in-law is the legitimate prey of the class of tradesmen who get rich out of the altruism of brides and the gullibility of papa. I refer to the caterer, the florist and the choirmaster."

"It is the duty of every prospective father-in-law to give his daughter a bangup wedding, but it is also his privilege to study economy at the same time. I first had a conference with the caterer who helped us out when it was our turn to entertain the Frisky Fossils' Thursday Evening Euchre club. I remembered he furnished us punch, sandwiches, ice cream, lady fingers, coffee and camp chairs for fifty people at the rate of 37 cents a head, not counting the charge for waiters. And I calculated he'd charge an old customer at the same rate per head for wedding victuals of the same sort. But, oh, no! This is a wedding! He couldn't think of serving a hundred people for less than \$200, and that would include champagne punch. I insisted that common, everyday punch was good enough, but the caterer succeeded in convincing me that only champagne

punch should be served at a wedding reception, and that wedding feed invariably includes chicken salad and croquettes a la something. So I gave in.

"Then I sought the florist. My daughter decided on daisy bouquets for the bridesmaids, a bouquet of lilies of the valley for herself and boutonnières of daisies for the ushers. I figured on 25 cents for the boutonnières, \$5 for the lilies of the valley and \$2 each for the bunch of daisies and thus fortified I went to the florist. In this item I had to raise the ante about 100 per cent. I got the boutonnières for 50 cents, the daisy bouquets for \$5 and the lilies of the valley for \$10 and for this price I got a 'cascade' bunch, which, I was informed, was a great concession for which I ought to be thankful.

"But I got my real eye-opener when I went to get the choirboys to sing. Now, I thought the boys would be glad to come around to the house and have a good time and sing 'Faithful and True' and 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden' for 50 cents each. But I forgot again that a wedding changes the aspect of all things. The boys will sing Lohengrin and the anthem at \$5 a head.

"Thus have my eyes been opened and my legs been pulled, but I am rejoicing. My girl will have as pretty a house wedding as has ever been given above 72d street."

"Well, then, don't kick when the pious stable keeper tacks on \$10 to your contract bill for carriage hire," added a sympathetic listener.

On the Management of Men

"Old Gorgon Graham" Writes on the Subject to His Son Pierrepont—Some Pointers as to the Successful Conduct of an Up-to-Date Business.

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously bestowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility of temper and curl-papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find out that you've hired the wrong man, you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a center of soreness. There are no exceptions to this rule, because there are no exceptions to human nature.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that it isn't always convenient to meet, but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings remember that to-day is your opportunity; to-morrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but if he's gazing at

the clouds, he's missing a heap of interesting and important doings down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office, and tuck it away in the safe.

It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will readily see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men, you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day, so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders; and insist on their sending you a line every day, whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write in six times a week to the house, he uses up his explanations mighty fast, and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very, very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corrus; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Where People Talk Too Much

Restaurant Waiter Tells of Bad Habit of Many People Who Dine in Public Places—Exceptional Case of Gratified Curiosity in Point.

"When I marry a rich man and take to eating in restaurants myself instead of waiting on other people who eat there, I don't intend to talk about anything but the weather, and I shall discuss that with a great deal of caution," said Waitress No. 19. "I shall be thus guarded in my remarks, because I think it had form to give my family affairs away before folks the way most people do when dining and lunching away from home.

"I remember, for instance, the case of the man and woman who couldn't agree to get married on account of their relatives. They sat here for two solid hours talking it over. He had three children, which she didn't want to be bothered with, and she had a mother that he didn't want hanging around. Much as they seemed to care for each other, neither would agree to break family ties, yet neither would accept the other's incomprehensions. The argument waxed pretty hot at times, and they went away still in fighting mood.

"Several months after that the woman came in one day alone. She sat at my table. I was devoured with curiosity, and finally, as the risk of losing my place, I spoke to her.

"It has been a long while since you were here," I said.

"She was surprised, but she did not get angry.

"Yes," she said, "it has been a long while. I am surprised that you remember me."

"Oh, I could never forget you," I said. "You were here with a gentleman, and you sat here talking about his children and your mother."

"That was an awfully nerry thing to do, but still she didn't get mad."

"Yes," she said, "I remember that day."

"She stopped as if that ended it, but she proved to be a true lady with curiosity of her own. That made her sympathetic, and enabled her to appreciate how I suffered under the circumstances, so presently she added: We finally fixed it up all right. We rented an extra house across the street and set mother to housekeeping over there to take care of his children. The plan has worked beautifully, and I don't see why all couples with irreconcilable relations do not solve the problem that way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

War Has Doubled Values.
Striking an average of the whole Orange river colony land values have doubled since the war.

Cotton and Wood.
Cotton has the same composition as wood.